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TO
SOUTH DEVON

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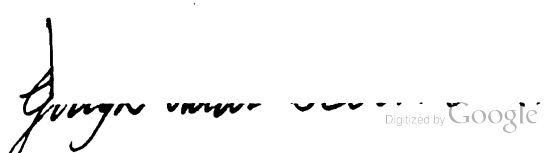
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TOURIST'S GUIDE

TO

SOUTH DEVON:

RAIL, ROAD, RIVER, COAST, AND MOOR.

BY

R. N. WORTH, F.G.S., &c.;

AUTHOR OF 'HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH,' 'HISTORY OF DEVONPORT,' 'WEST-COUNTRY GARLAND,' 'THE PROGRESS OF MINING SKILL IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND,' 'GUIDE TO NORTH DEVON,' 'GUIDE TO PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND STONEHOUSE,' 'GUIDE TO SOMERSET,' 'GUIDE TO DORSET,' ETC.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

Third Edition.

WITH MAP AND PLAN.

LONDON:

EDWARD STANFORD, 55, CHARING CROSS, S.W.

1883.

Gough Add's Devon 8° 130.

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PREFACE.

A GUIDE-BOOK to Devon needs little introduction; but a few words may be said as to the scope of the present one. The most important and interesting places in South Devon being easily accessible by rail, railway routes have chief prominence here. At the same time care has been taken to point out the best walking and carriage rounds, and to give as many alternative courses as possible. A special section is devoted to Dartmoor, and the Tamar and the Dart are likewise treated separately. Throughout the aim has been to give the tourist the greatest amount of practically useful information, brought down to the latest moment, and condensed into the smallest compass; and the writer indulges the hope that he has succeeded in making more pleasantly familiar than before some of the manifold beauties of his native county—

"Lovely Devonia, land of flowers and song."

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION AND GENERAL DESCRIPTION 1

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

1. EXETER 20
2. Exeter to AXMINSTER 35
3. Seaton Junction to SEATON 39
4. Ottery Road to SIDMOUTH 41
5. Exeter to EXMOUTH 45
6. Exeter to PLYMOUTH (G.W.R.) 47
7. Newton to TORQUAY and DARTMOUTH 62
8. Newton to CHUDLEIGH and MORETONHAMPSTEAD 73
9. Totnes to ASHBURTON 81
10. Exeter to PLYMOUTH and DEVONPORT (S.W.R.) .. 85
11. PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, and STONEHOUSE 98

RIVER EXCURSIONS.

12. THE TAMAR 111
13. THE DART 115

ROAD EXCURSIONS.

14. DARTMOOR 117
15. Plymouth to DARTMOUTH, by the Coast 123
16. Plymouth to KINGSBRIDGE 126
17. Kingsbridge to DARTMOUTH 128

INDEX 131

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TOURIST'S GUIDE

TO

SOUTH DEVON.

INTRODUCTION AND GENERAL DESCRIPTION.

TOPOGRAPHY.

DEVONSHIRE is the third largest county in England (1,655,161 acres; pop. 604,397); and has a greater run of seaboard than any other save Cornwall—upwards of 130 miles. Its extreme length is 70 miles, its extreme breadth 65. This handbook treats of the district S. and E. of the London and South-Western Company's line from Axminster to Lydford, and of the Great Western line from Lydford to Plymouth, including the entire southern coast of the county, the wild waste of Dartmoor, the city and cathedral of Exeter, the great port and arsenal of Plymouth and Devonport. Devonshire is a county of extremes—a district *sui generis*, an epitome of the kingdom, with the widest varieties in landscape, climate, and interest; a county with a great past and an active present.

The *rivers* of Devon are numerous; the chief the Axe, Otter, Exe, Teign, Dart, Avon, Erme, Yealm, Plym, Tamar, Tavy, Torridge, and Taw. All these fall into the sea on the S. coast, with the exception of the two last-named. The Axe rises in Dorset, and falls into the Channel at Seaton; the Otter, in Somerset, debouching at Ottermouth; the Exe, in Somerset, falling into the sea at Exmouth; the Teign, Dart, Avon, Erme, and Yealm on Dartmoor, reaching the coast respectively at Teignmouth, Dartmouth, Avonmouth, Mothecombe, and Plymouth Sound, near Newton Ferrers. The Plym and the Tavy both spring from Dartmoor, the former falling into Plymouth Sound, and the latter into the Tamar near Beer Ferrers. The Tamar rises in Morwenstow, near the N. coast, and for nearly the whole of its length is the boundary between Devon and Cornwall. The head of the Torridge is

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close to that of the Tamar, and it falls into Bideford Bay in company with the Taw, which takes its rise on Dartmoor. These rivers have numerous tributaries, for Devonshire, as its name is said to betoken, is full of valleys, and every valley has its stream. Commercially, the Tamar and the Plym are the most important, and the former is navigable for over twenty miles to the Weir Head, above Morwellham. The Dart is navigable to Totnes; but the Exe only affords a harbour and passage to Topsham, vessels for Exeter having to pass through a canal. The Taw and the Torridge are navigable respectively to Barnstaple and Bideford. Most of the Devonshire rivers, in their upper waters, afford excellent fishing, chiefly for trout, though some yield plenty of salmon. There is very little fishing that is not preserved, but there are few localities in which fishing tickets may not easily be obtained. Information may generally be had at the chief hotels.

HISTORY.

The results of the explorations of Kent's Hole and Brixham Windmill Hill Caverns [Note on Geology, and Sect. VII.] are held to carry the existence of man in Devon back to a period so remote that it is certainly not worth while to raise the question of the origin of the autochthones. The earliest inhabitants of whom we know anything, were a tribe of Kelts, the Dumnoni. There is some evidence that in addition to the Phœnicians, who visited the West in quest of tin, Scandinavian rovers at a very early period established themselves on Dartmoor in quest of that metal. There is a tradition too that a camp near Ashburton was once held by a body of Northmen, whom the natives failed to dislodge until a number of women suffered themselves to be captured and taken thither, and in the night killed each her companion. This sounds, however, very much like a western version of the myth of the Danaides. Geoffrey of Monmouth makes the "Totnes shore" the scene of the landing of Brutus the Trojan [Sect. VI.], and peoples the West with an aboriginal race of giants.

The *Romans* have left many traces of their connection with Devon, though of their stations in the county the site of one only can be fixed with absolute certainty. This is Exeter—their *Isca Dumnoniorum*, where Roman relics have long been and still are abundantly found. The site of *Moridunum*, which was clearly in the E. of the county, is yet unsettled.

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Seaton, Hembury Fort, and a camp on High Peak, near Sidmouth, are among the claimants. Totnes has been identified with the *Statio ad Durium Amnem*, but simply because that station was on the Dart, and because Totnes is on the reputed Roman Road. *Tamara* would be somewhere near Plymouth, and that is all that can be said definitely with regard to it [Sect. VI.]. The chief Roman road in the county was on the line of the British Ikenild mainly. Entering the county at Axminster, it ran to Exeter, over Haldon, by Newton, through Totnes, Ridgway, and on to St. Budeaux, where the passage of the Tamar does not exceed a quarter of a mile. There was another road from Exeter into Cornwall, by Okehampton and Holsworthy to Stratton; and a third principal highway from Exeter to Molland Bottreaux. This place has been regarded as the British town *Termolus*, and Barnstaple is suggested as the lost *Artavia* of Richard of Cirencester (?).

Devon was not an early conquest of the *Saxons*, and their first settlements therein appear to have been made by the friendly process of colonization. Darentun, now Dartington, is mentioned as such a settlement A.D. 833, and this is the earliest existing trace of Saxon occupation among the Defenas in Defenascyre. But long before this date Devonshire had come under Saxon domination, and Mr. J. B. Davidson has shown good reason for ascribing its conquest to the earlier years of *Cynewulf*, 755-765. From that time on to the reign of Æthelstan, Saxons and Britons dwelt in Devon together side by side, and Exeter had its British and its Saxon quarters. Æthelstan drove the British out of Devon into Cornwall in 926, and fixed the Tamar as the boundary of the *Cornwealas*, under his sub-king Howell.

The *Danes* appeared in Devon in the closing half of the ninth century. They were beaten in 851 at Wembury, and appear to have been defeated by Ælfred at Exeter. In 878 Hubba landed at Appledore, but his raiders were repulsed with the loss of their leader and the raven standard. The site of Hubba's grave is still called the Hubbastow. Again and again, however, did the Danes harry the coast; and in the year 997, sailing up the Tamar and Tavy, they destroyed Tavistock Abbey, and ravaged the country as far as Lydford. A few years later Sweyn of Denmark spoiled and nearly destroyed Exeter.

The possessions of *Harold* and the house of Godwin in Devon were considerable. Hence we are not surprised to find

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that Exeter made a stout resistance to the *Conqueror*, insisting on maintaining its ancient privileges. But William would have no half terms. He required and had complete submission, and spared the city. In the reign of *Stephen*, Baldwin de Redvers, Earl of Devon, declared for Matilda, and held Exeter until compelled to surrender by famine. The county did not take an active part in the disputes between the houses of *York and Lancaster*, though it leant rather to the latter side. The seaports were more closely concerned in operations against France, and again and again suffered reprisals. While Cornwall to some extent sided with *Perkin Warbeck*, Devon declared against him. The malcontents of the two counties joined, however, in the *Western Rebellion* for the restoration of the Roman Catholic faith, in 1549. The rebels in Devon came chiefly from the rural districts; but the towns—notably Exeter and Plymouth—remained loyal, and hence the rising was speedily put down.

In the "spacious times of Great *Elizabeth*" Devon was the foremost county in England. Nearly all the leading men of those days hailed from Devonshire, and the broad Devon speech was dear to the ear of the queen. But for the old sea-dogs of Devon, ever foremost in discovery, fight, and adventure, England would have fared badly in her struggle with the Spaniard. Such names as those of Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, and Oxenham, shed a lustre on the Devon of Elizabethan days unmatched elsewhere.

When "civil dudgeon first grew high," Devon went for the *Parliament*. It had long been in the main Puritan; it speedily became Roundhead. 1643, however, saw a notable change. The Earl of Stamford was defeated at Stratton. Then the Cornish Royalists marched into Devon; and later still, after the capture of Bristol, Prince Maurice was sent into the West. Every Roundhead garrison in Devon fell, with the one exception of Plymouth, which single-handed kept alive the Parliamentary cause in the district. In 1644 Essex made his unfortunate march into Cornwall, where his army had to surrender to the king in person. But from the moment that the Royalist power was at its height, it declined. The king's generals quarrelled among themselves; the cruelty and rapacity of such men as Richard Grenville and Goring became a byeword; and Fairfax, in one victorious campaign in the closing months of 1645 and the opening months of 1646, annihilated the Royalist strength. Cromwell also visited Devon, but his stay was short.

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William of Orange landed at Brixham, in Torbay, in 1688. [Sect. VII.] He was first proclaimed at Newton Abbot; first joined by any large number of his future subjects at Exeter; Plymouth was the first borough in all England that, as such, declared for him. Probably his reception would have been more enthusiastic, but there were many dismal memories in the West of the fate that had befallen the Duke of *Monmouth* and his followers, and of the hideous "bloody assize" of the infamous Jefferies, who lined the principal roads in the vicinity of the western towns which had sympathised with that unfortunate prince, with the quarters of the dismembered rebels.

Before 1832 Devonshire sent twenty-six members to Parliament, two each for the county, Exeter, Ashburton, Barnstaple, Beer Alston, Dartmouth, Honiton, Okehampton, Plymouth, Plympton, Tavistock, Tiverton, and Totnes. By the first Reform Act Beer Alston, Okehampton, and Plympton were disfranchised; Ashburton and Dartmouth reduced to one member each; the county separated into two divisions, North and South, each with two members; and two members were given to the new borough of Devonport, including the township of Stonehouse. Eight members were thus taken away and four added. Since then, other changes have taken place. Totnes was disfranchised for bribery, and in 1868 Honiton, Ashburton, and Dartmouth were also struck off the Parliamentary roll, and Tavistock reduced to one member. To the county, however, was given two more members, and the divisions altered to North, South, and East. Devon now, therefore, returns seventeen members against its former six-and-twenty, and its only Parliamentary boroughs are Exeter, Plymouth, Devonport, Tavistock, Tiverton, and Barnstaple.

BIOGRAPHY.

No county in the kingdom has given birth to so many eminent sons. Fuller ascribes to each shire a particular genius, inclining the natives thereof to be dextrous, some in one profession, some in another, one being eminent in soldiers, another in seamen, another for lawyers, another for divines; but, as Prince says in his preface to his "Worthies," and "without vanity too—such is the genius of Devon, it seems equally inclinable and propense unto all." And to cite at random only a few worthies of Devonshire birth by way of sample, we may name: Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis

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Drake, Sir John Hawkins, *the* Duke of Marlborough, Monk Duke of Albemarle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the "judicious" Hooker, John Davis, Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., Sir Humphry Gilbert, John Gay, Sir Richard Grenville, Thomas Newcomen, Bishop Jewell, Canon Kingsley, Archbishop Langton, framer of Magna Charta, Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, William Browne, John Ford, William Gifford, John Wolcot, "Peter Pindar," Sir Thomas Bodley, and Benjamin Robert Haydon.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Dartmoor abounds with prehistoric antiquities of the most varied types. There are *trackways* of stone stretching for many a mile, probably like the simpler earthen mounds intended for boundaries; *stone circles; stone avenues*—long, parallel lines of erect stones; *kist-vaens, barrows*, and *cairns; menhirion;* massive circumvallations known as *pounds;* cyclopean *bridges; camps;* one of the finest *cromlechs* in the kingdom; and on almost every slope the rings of stone which mark the sites of the *huts* of those who reared these now mysterious monuments, who lie beneath these earthen mounds, or who perchance in later times "streamed" for tin the beds of the Dartmoor rivers.

Camps are not found on Dartmoor alone. They are scattered over the whole of the county, and nowhere are they more plentiful than in the E. Within a few miles radius of Broad Down, near Honiton, there are Farway Castle, Blackbury Castle, Hocksdown Castle, Musbury Castle, Membury Castle, Dumdun Castle, Stockland Great and Little Castles, Widworthy Castle, Hembury Fort, Woodbury Castle, Bilbury Castle, and Sidbury Castle. These are not merely ordinary hill forts, but ancient "towns" of considerable importance. Several objects of interest from barrows in this neighbourhood, including a fine *drinking-cup* of Kimmeridge shale, and an *incense-cup*, are in the Albert Museum, Exeter. The Axe Valley has yielded numbers of palæolithic chert implements, of which this Museum has the best series.

There are a few *inscribed stones* of Romano-British date [Sects. VI. and X.], and the remains of an extensive *Roman villa* occur at Hannaditches, a mile S. of Seaton Down. Of the old parish and wayside stone crosses, some of which at least date from the earliest introduction of Christianity, many yet remain. They are as a rule of little interest,

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though an exception must be made of *Copplestone Cross* [Sect. X.]. None of the others can in any way compare with the elaborate crosses so common in the sister county of Cornwall.

The chief *castles* of the county of which remains yet exist are those of Exeter [Sect. I.], Berry Pomeroy [Sect. VI.], Totnes [Sect. VI.], Plympton [Sect. VI.], Lydford [Sect. X.], and Okehampton [Sect. X.].

There were several *religious houses*, chiefly in the rural districts or small towns. In Exeter and Plymouth various orders of monks settled, but no traces of importance remain in either place. The principal houses were at Newenham, Ford [Sect. II.], Tor [Sect. VII.], Buckfastleigh [Sect. IX.], Tavistock [Sect. X.], Buckland Monachorum [Sect. X.], and Plympton [Sect. VI.]

Save in the fervid imagination of the writers of a past generation, there are no remains of *Saxon* ecclesiastical architecture in Devon, though Arch. Freeman suggested that the Chapel of the Holy Ghost in Exeter Cathedral *may* be part of Leofric's fane. Nor are there many relics of *Norman* work. The 15th century was as ruthless an age of church restoration as the 19th has proved, at any rate in Devon, and the builders of the Perp. period made their mark pretty plainly well-nigh everywhere. Of *E. Eng.* and of *Dec.* work the county has naturally more to show.

Norman.—The chief examples of Norman architecture in Devon are the great transeptal towers of Exeter Cathedral; part of the tower at South Brent; tower (rebuilt) and nave at Sidbury. There are several Nor. fonts scattered over the county. Axminster and Paignton have Nor. doorways.

Early English.—Ottery (very good), Aveton Gifford, Buckfastleigh, Ermington, Brent Tor, Sampford Peverell, Coombe Martin, and Berry Narbor.

Decorated.—Exeter Cathedral, one of the finest examples in the kingdom, nearly the whole fabric being of the purest Geometrical; Ottery, Haccombe, Bigbury, West Ogwell, Ringmore, Beer Ferrers, Denbury; besides many other churches where the Decorated work is of minor importance.

Perpendicular.—There is hardly an ancient church in Devon that does not present some Perp. features. As already noted, most of them were either rebuilt or restored in the Perp. period; but we may name some of the most noteworthy. A special feature of the Devonshire church of this style is the *screen*. These screens, especially in South Devon, are

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remarkably numerous, elegant, and well preserved. An asterisk distinguishes the churches which contain exceptionally good examples of screen work—Paignton,* Dartmouth (St. Saviours *), Totnes,* Harberton,* Modbury, Plymouth (St. Andrew), Plympton (St. Mary), Tavistock, Widdecombe-in-the Moor,* Ashburton, Bovey Tracey, Kenton,* Buckland Monachorum, Kelly, Sydenham, Atherington,* Chittlehampton,* Bishops Nympton,* Tiverton, South Molton, Hartland,* Berry Narbor, Coombe Martin, Chumleigh,* Coleridge,* Crediton, Cullompton,* Doddiscombleigh, Awliscombe, Bradninch,* Plymtree,* Staverton.*

The *folk lore* of Devonshire is peculiarly rich; and in the rural districts the belief in witchcraft under various forms is very widespread, while it is by no means unknown in the towns. The Devonshire Association has a committee working upon this subject, and much curious information has been collected. Devonshire rejoices in a race of fairies of its own—the *pixies*, sometimes called "piskys" or "pisgies." They are mischief-loving but good-tempered, and not averse from doing a "spell of work" now and then. Even yet there are many people who believe in the dangers of being "pixy led," for the commonest trick ascribed to these mischievous sprites is that of leading people astray by night. However, the remedy is simple. Turn part of a garment inside out, and you so offend their sense of propriety that they leave you in disgust. The paths most beset by the pixies now are those that lead from the village inns.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY.

Devonshire presents a remarkably interesting field for the geologist. The centre of the county, from Tavistock to Barnstaple, is occupied by *Carboniferous* rocks, which mantle around the northern flank of Dartmoor from Tavistock to Holne. With the exception of a long tongue of Trias, these carboniferous strata occupy the whole of the middle of the county from the W. coast to the Exe. On the extreme N. and S. are the *Devonian* slates, limestones and sandstones. On the E., *Triassic* rocks extend from Torbay to Watchet in Somerset. Eastward, again, in the corner next Dorset, a comparatively small surface is occupied by *Cretaceous* deposits, and a still smaller area by the *Lias*, more fully developed in the county adjoining. Two more points remain to be noted. Somewhat S. of the centre of Devon rises the great

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granitic plateau of Dartmoor; and on the S. coast, between the Start Point and Bolt Tail, there is a patch of metamorphosed rocks which have been regarded as *Lower Silurian*. They occur on a line with the undoubted Lower Silurians of Gorran Haven in Cornwall; and the Eddystone reef, also metamorphic, appears to form a link between the two. It has been suggested, however, that these Bolt rocks are really Devonian, and have been metamorphosed by a boss of granite, which reaches the sea-bed adjacent. The existence of a granitic area in the Channel has been clearly proved.

There is no question that the Devonian rocks, so classed by Professor Sedgwick and Sir R. Murchison, are intermediate between the Silurian and the upper part of the Carboniferous systems; but there has been much question whether in truth they are really Devonian or Old Red Sandstone at all, or whether they are not, with few exceptions, lower members of the Carboniferous formation. The late Mr. Jukes was the chief opponent of the Devonian view, and contended that the Devonian rocks were not equivalent to the Old Red Sandstone but superior to it, and in effect Carboniferous. That the true Old Red of Scotland and elsewhere, neither in character nor contents resembles the Devonian of Devon is certain; but the weight of the evidence appears to be that the latter are in part at least equivalents of the former, while the palæontological features seem decisive that the Devonian system is a "great life group," intermediate between the Silurian and the Carboniferous systems. Of 390 species of the British Devonian, 334 were peculiar to itself, and found neither in the Silurian nor Carboniferous systems. About 350 of the Devonian species have been found in Devon.

The Devonian rocks are chiefly slates, but limestones are largely developed at various points, notably Newton, Torbay, Ipplepen, Buckfastleigh, Yealmpton, and Plymouth. Sandstones occur less frequently; but various trappean rocks are common in the series, and are locally known by the name of dunstone. The system is generally divided into three groups—upper, middle, and lower. In N. Devon all three are represented; in S. Devon the middle and lower only. The rocks at Pilton, near Barnstaple, are Upper; those of Ilfracombe, Bradley, Wolborough, Babbicombe, Dartington, Berry Head, Yealmpton, and Plymouth, Middle; those of Lynton, Meadfoot, and Mudstone, Lower. The limestones are in many places mere masses of fossil coral, and clearly had their origin in coral reefs.

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The rocks of the great culmiferous trough of central Devon are Carboniferous, but do not include the true coal measures. They are chiefly slates, but contain patches of limestone very inferior in extent to the Devonian, and occasional beds of grit and sandstone. And, as in the Devonian, greenstones occur, some contemporaneous and some intrusive. They are frequent in the vicinity of Tavistock. In N. Devon the carboniferous rocks contain several beds of culm, the local name for anthracite. These were worked at a very early period, and have recently been wrought for fuel for lime-kilns. No anthracite, however, is now raised for fuel in Devon, though near Bideford some is ground for mineral paint.

The granite of Dartmoor comes next in date to the carboniferous rocks, through which it has been uptruded. It varies much in character, and has been ascribed to three different dates—the schorlaceous granite being classed as the oldest, the porphyritic the next in point of age, and the elvans, which are dykes of igneous rock of granitoid character, the latest. Mr. Pengelly, F.R.S., to whom the geology of Devon owes more than to any other living geologist, is, however, now inclined to regard the Dartmoor granites as of two periods only—the common granites, whether schorlaceous or porphyritic, or both, and the elvans.

Triassic rocks occupy nearly the whole of the coast line, from the middle of Torbay to beyond Sidmouth, ranging irregularly N., throwing out a long tongue by Crediton to Jacobstow, and giving evidence of having had a much more extended area in their numerous outliers. They consist of sandstones, marls, breccias, and conglomerates; and from their prevailing red colour, have been familiarly termed the *red rocks* of Devonshire. The upper beds of this series are Keuper; and Mr. W. A. E. Ussher, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey, has advanced reasons for considering the lower beds to be in part of Muschelkalk age, and in part either wholly or partially representative of the Bunter. Felspathic traps are associated with the Trias.

In the cliff near Budleigh Salterton, is a bed of quartzite pebbles, 70 feet in thickness, which has attracted much attention in consequence of the persevering investigations of Mr. Vicary, F.G.S., who first directed notice to their peculiar palæontological features. Of the contained fossils, some are Silurian, though the majority are Devonian; and the origin of this pebble bed has been a problem much discussed. The

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most reasonable hypothesis appears to be that which derives the Silurian pebbles from "a pre-Triassic extension of the Silurian rocks of Calvados and La Manche into the area now occupied by the English Channel," and the "majority of the Devonian fragments to an extension of that formation towards the French coast."

The Lias of the county is so small in area as merely to call for passing reference.

The Cretaceous rocks are of the upper group. The chalk appears at Beer, where there is worked a valuable Cretaceous freestone. Greensand or Gault—the equation is hardly settled—deposits occur at Blackdown and at Haldon, and are rich in fossils.

At Bovey Tracey, and continuing on in the beds of the Bovey and Teign rivers as far as Aller, is a deposit of Lower Miocene age. "It consists of beds of lignite, clay, and sand, and has an aggregate thickness of upwards of 100 feet." It is evidently of lacustrine origin. The lignite has been used for fuel. When the deposit was investigated in 1860, by Mr. Pengelly (Lady Burdett Coutts supplying the funds), it was found to contain 50 species of fossil plants.

The glacial phenomena of the county are not pronounced, but there is distinct evidence of ice transportation, both in N. and S. Devon.

The most characteristic recent features of the geology of Devon are—*submarine forests*, *raised beaches*, and *ossiferous caverns*. The forest beds are found at many points of the coast, underlying the present beaches, extending for an unknown distance seaward, and partially up valleys landward, composed of vegetable detritus mixed with branches and trunks of trees, and occasionally containing stumps *in situ*. The ancient beaches occur at intervals along the coast, at a height of 30 feet or so above the present sea level. When they were washed by the waves, the land must have been 30 feet lower than now. When the forests flourished, it was at least 40 feet higher.

The bone-bearing caverns of Devonshire are of the highest interest. They occur in the limestone rocks, and have contributed most important evidence concerning the antiquity of man. The earliest investigated was the first discovered in England, that opened at Oreston, near Plymouth, in 1816. Since then other ossiferous caverns have been found at Oreston, Yealmpton, Brixham, and Stonehouse, while a cave at Torquay, known from time immemorial, has been found most

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rich in the remains of extinct mammals, and in contemporaneous relics of human handiwork. This is the famous *Kent's Hole*, which was for several years under systematic exploration on behalf of the British Association. The Windmill Hill Cavern at Brixham, discovered in 1858, was thoroughly explored by a committee appointed by the Royal and Geological Societies. Details concerning Kent's Hole and the Brixham Cave will be found in Sect. VII. Here it will be sufficient to state that among the mammals whose bones have been found in these venerable charnels are the mammoth, rhinoceros (tichorine and leptorhine), cave bear, ancient or grizzly bear, cave lion, cave hyæna, great sabre-toothed tiger (*Machairodus latidens*), aurochs, lesser bison, long-fronted ox, great Irish deer, glutton, fossil and plicated toothed horse, reindeer, and probably the hippopotamus, though this is doubtful. The evidence of the contemporaneity of man with these ancient mammals consists in the inosculation with the bones of the latter, not merely of flint implements of both palæolithic and neolithic types, but of well-fashioned bone implements, and bones which have been split for the extraction of the marrow. The chronological direction to which these facts point may be indicated in the conclusion of Mr. Pengelly, that the filling of the Brixham Cavern was the result of the action of a stream which flowed through the Brixham valley at 100 feet higher level than the present valley bottom, and that consequently since the cave was filled the valley must have been either excavated or re-excavated to this depth. Nor does the time required for this fill up the interval between the present day and the cavern era. To it must be added the submerged forest era, with the subsequent subsidence and the formation of the present foreshore. And thus we glean some idea of the enormous antiquity of man in Devonshire. The whole of the literature of the Devonshire bone caverns, compiled and edited by Mr. Pengelly, will be found in the Transactions of the Devonshire Association.

To the mineralogist Devon presents an exceedingly interesting field. Cornwall alone excepted, it is richer in mineral species than any other county. For fuller information, the 'Mineralogical Handbook' of Mr. J. H. Collins, F.G.S., and the 'Mineralogical Directory' of Mr. T. M. Hall, F.G.S., should be consulted; but a few of the rarer minerals found in the county may be mentioned. They include agate, allophane, anatase, andalusite, apatite, axinite, asbestos, amethyst, beryl, bismuthinite, bournonite, brookite, chiastolite,

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calcedony, cornelian, celestite, cerussite, chessylite, childrenite, clinoclase, diallogite, epidote, erythrite, garnet, gold, lepidolite, millerite, mimetite, murchisonite, molybdenite, niccolite, olivenite, opal, pyrargyrite, pyromorphite, pyrophyllite, rock crystal, retinite, scapolite, silver, staurolite, tavistockite, titanite, topaz, torbernite, tourmaline, vivianite, wavellite, and wolframite.

FAUNA AND FLORA.

The fauna of Devon has several interesting features. The red deer is still wild in the N. of the county, and is hunted on Exmoor. Late in the last century it bred on Dartmoor, and occasionally a stray stag even now finds its way S. Among the rarer mammals are:—The lesser horseshoe bat, long-eared bat, parti-coloured bat, seal (which breeds on Lundy Island), black rat, and bottle-nosed dolphin, several varieties of which have been cast on the coast. The avifauna is very rich, and includes 297 of the 402 species in Gray's 'Catalogue of British Birds.' Among the rarer have occurred:—the golden eagle, white-tailed eagle, hoopoe, nightingale (very rare), Alpine accentor, golden oriole, Bohemian waxwing, calandra lark (the only instance of its occurrence in Britain), American white-winged cross-bill, wryneck, Pallas's sandgrouse, ptarmigan, great and little bustard, great white heron, squacco heron, American bittern, white and black stork, glossy ibis, avocet, red-necked phalarope, great auk (the only recorded specimen found dead at Lundy, 1829), fulmar petrel, Iceland gull, great black-headed gull (Albert Museum, Exeter, the only specimen killed in England), masked gull, Caspian tern, roseate tern, whiskered tern. Col. Montagu, who resided many years at Kingsbridge, one of the most eminent and enthusiastic of ornithologists, made a magnificent collection of Devonian and other birds, which is now in the British Museum.

Salmon and trout, as already noted, are plentiful in the Devonshire rivers. The Devonshire seas abound in fish of many kinds, and good fishing, which is by no means to be despised, may be had at almost any port. In a commercial sense the most important fish are pilchards, mackerel, hake, turbots, herrings, cod, haddock, pouting, whiting, soles, dabs, plaice, flounders, and congers. The most complete collection in a scientific point of view is to be

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found in the museum of the Plymouth Institution. The seas along the coast are very fruitful in molluscs, zoophytes, crustaceans, &c., and their algology is unrivalled in extent and variety.

BOTANY.

Devonshire is remarkable for the abundance of the *wild flowers* and the luxuriance and beauty of the *ferns* produced on the hedgebanks of its narrow lanes; whilst its rocky shores and sloping turfy sea-banks also yield the botanist many treasures that delight in an open situation and a mild or equable temperature; and on the other hand the wild expanse of Dartmoor supplies some species that love a mountainous situation or damp peaty soil.

Among the rare or remarkable Devonian plants are the white rock cistus, *Helianthemum polifolium*, *Pers*; narrow-leaved St. John's wort, *Hypericum linariifolium*; waved-leaved St. John's wort, *Hypericum undulatum*, *Schousb.*; musky stork's bill, *Erodium moschatum*, *Sm.*, a species well deserving its name; *Medicago denticulata*, *Willd.*, reticulated medick, remarkable for the hooks on its curious spiral seed-vessels; slender lotus, *Lotus angustissimus*, *Linn.*; fragrant agrimony, *Agrimonia odorata*, *Mill*; small-flowered fragrant briar, *Rosa micrantha*, *Sm.*, common near Plymouth, together with the columnar-styled dog rose, *Rosa systyla*, *Bast.* In addition to the above the wild medlar, *Mespilus germanica*, *Linn.*, occurs in a few spots: a rare willow herb, *Epilobium lanceolatum*, *S. and M.*, abounds about Plymouth; *Eryngium campestre*, field eryngo; *Corrigiola littoralis*, *Linn.*, strapwort, and *Polycarpon tetraphyllum*, *Linn.*, very rare species, likewise appear in the county; also the very local Cornish bladder-seed, *Physospermum Cornubiense*, *D. C.*, though the head-quarters of the last is in the S.E. of Cornwall; goldylocks, *Chrysocoma linosyris*, *Sm.*, occurs; also primrose-leaved mullein, *Verbascum virgatum*, *With.*, exceeding in beauty many of our garden flowers; Cornish money wort, *Sibthorpia Europœa*, *Sibth.*, and ivy-leaved bell-flower, *Campanula hederacea*, *Linn.*, fringe with their delicate foliage and flowers many of the streams; bastard balm, *Melittis melissophyllum*, *Linn.*, adorns numerous woods and bushy spots, sometimes associated with the pretty columbine, *Aquilegia vulgaris*, *Linn.* Other rare Devonian species are purple spurge, *Euphorbia peplis*, *Linn.*; *Trichonema columnœ*; autumnal squill, *Scilla autum-*

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nalis, Linn.; and bulbous poa grass, *Poa bulbosa, Linn.* In the bogs of Dartmoor two of the sundews, *Drosera rotundifolia* and *D. longifolia*, occur; also the pale butterwort, *Pinguicula lusitanica, Linn.* Among the Devon ferns are the beech fern, *Polypodium phegopteris, Linn.*, found on Dartmoor; sweet mountain fern, *Aspidium oreopteris, Sw.*; broad shield fern, *Aspidium spinulosum, Sw.*; *Lastrea recurva*; lanceolate spleenwort, *Asplenium lanceolatum, Huds.*; sea spleenwort, *A. marinum, Linn.*; forked spleenwort, *A. septentrionale, Hoffm.*; the filmy ferns, *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense, Sm.*, and *H. Wilsoni, Hook.* The flowering fern, *Osmunda regalis, Linn.*, sometimes attains a height of 5 feet or more. In some parts of Devon the scaly spleenwort, *Ceterach officinarum, Willd.*, is common on walls. The lady fern, *Athyrium filia-fœmina, Roth.*, abounds in damp spots. The fir club-moss, *Lycopodium selago, Linn.*, occurs on Dartmoor.

MINING.

The earliest allusion to Britain in history is in connection with its *mines*. How ancient western mining is it is impossible to say. Our own historical mining records run back century after century, and show by the regulations made for the government of the Stannaries (i. e. the districts which contained the tin mines) that long before the date of the earliest Stannary Charter now extant, that of John, granted in 1201, tin mining in Devon and in Cornwall was an occupation so settled and so organized as to have its well-defined and acknowledged laws and customs. Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and Herodotus, by their references enable us to carry it back at least 2300 years. Inference from the use of bronze weapons in Europe, for which the West of England was the sole source of tin, takes it nearly 2000 years farther. But the geological evidence presented by the ancient tin stream works at Carnon and Pentewan in Cornwall "would antedate the commencement of mining, and consequently the use of metals, to a time when the mammoth either still existed in the West of England, or had not long disappeared; and when the general level of Devon and Cornwall was at the least 30 feet higher than it is now."

Tin mining is carried on in two ways. The ore occurs either in veins in the rock—*lodes*; or in the form of pebbles, gravel or sand, in alluvium, in the beds of streams, or on

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moorland bottoms. These *detrital deposits* have been formed from the degradation of surface lodes, and the washing out of their contents. The specific gravity of tin ore is so high—6·8—that as the carrying forces of the waters by which it was swept along moderated, it was the first thing to sink to the bottom, and was thus thrown down in beds, more or less mixed with extraneous matter. The lodes in which the ores of tin, copper, lead, and other metals occur are essentially fissures riven in the rocks, which have been filled with various minerals, earthy or metallic. Some lodes have been opened and have received fresh deposits more than once. The sides of these fissures are called the "walls" of the lode, and the rock enclosing it the "country." Lodes are more or less perpendicular, the inclination being called the underlie. Tin ore is also sometimes disseminated through the body of a rock in strings and clusters of little veins; and again some ores lie in beds or pockets.

As tin ore occurs mainly in two different ways, so have there been two methods of obtaining it. The one is *streaming*, by which the alluvial tin deposit is subjected to the action of water, and the tinny matter washed out and separated. For centuries this was the only way in which tin was raised in this country, and there is hardly a valley on Dartmoor that has not been streamed over and over again, by the "old men," as the ancient miners are popularly called. Streaming now is all but extinct in Cornwall; and in Devon wholly so. Lode mining is carried on by means of shafts, and levels or galleries driven on the course of the lode, the object being to raise as much that is valuable and as little that is worthless as possible. When the ore, whatever it may be, is at "*grass*" (i.e. surface), it has to be submitted to a series of operations, known as *dressing*, the object of which is to separate it from the various impurities—chiefly the mechanical—with which it is associated. The chemical are for the most part dealt with by the smelter. Dressing operations vary in character with the ore treated, and are singularly interesting.

The chief mining district of Devon is in the vicinity of Tavistock. Mineral lodes occur, however, in almost every part of Dartmoor, and are worked upon at various points. There are likewise mines in the north of the county. Lodes near the junction of the granite and the "killas" or clay slate are commonly the most productive. The deepest mine now worked in the West of England is Dolcoath tin mine,

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near Camborne, the deepest point of which is over 400 fathoms, or 2400 feet from surface, very little short of half a mile.

All the leading metals have been extensively raised in Devon. Tin mining in the county is, however, but a shadow of its former self, and copper mining, which does not date back more than a century and a half, has taken its place. Lead was worked in the county even during the Roman occupation; and the lead mines of Beeralston and of Combe Martin were wrought for the silver contained in the lead ore in the time of Edward I. The iron mines of Devon are very widely distributed, though almost undeveloped. Large quantities were raised in far back antiquity in E. Devon by the simple process of sinking shallow pits, and when one was exhausted, sinking another. The ore is supposed to have been smelted on the spot. Good examples of the pits occur about four miles from Honiton, taking the road through Combe Raleigh. They are in the second field on the left after passing the cross roads beyond the 4-mile stone.

The great bulk of the arsenic produced in England comes from Devon Consols mines and the works adjoining, on the other side of the Tamar, where it is obtained by calcining the arsenical pyrites; and Devon is almost the sole source of the manganese supply of the kingdom. Gold has been found, though not in commercial quantities; but silver has been yielded by the lead ores to the amount of 140 ounces to a ton and above, and has occurred also independently. Antimony, cobalt, bismuth, and zinc ores have been raised in commercial quantities.

But the mineral products of Devon are by no means confined to the metals. Its rocks yield *building stones* of considerable local value, while the Dartmoor granites have been extensively worked and exported; and the cretaceous freestone of Beer was the great rival of Caen stone in the West in the middle ages. The *ornamental stones* of Devon are of considerable importance, notably the marbles of Plymouth, Ipplepen, and Torquay, which bear a high polish, and are most varied in colour and "figure." Some of the granites are very handsome, especially the rich red of Trowlesworthy. Rock crystals, calcedonies, jaspers, agates, and cornelians are found of sufficient value to be worked up by local lapidaries, who also adapt some of the fossil marbles to purposes of personal adornment.

The *clays* of Devon are valuable commercial products;

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the most important the clays of Bovey and Newton Abbot, the china clays of Dartmoor, and the terra-cotta clays of Torquay. China clay is simply the decomposed felspar of granite which has been acted upon by an agency as yet little understood. Deposits of granite thus disintegrated occur largely in Cornwall, in the vicinity of St. Austell, and on various parts of Dartmoor. The largest clay works are at Lee Moor, which may be reached either from Cornwood or Plympton [Sect. VI.], and are between 5 and 6m. distant from these stations.

MANUFACTURES AND AGRICULTURE.

Devonshire is not now in any wide sense a manufacturing county; and yet little more than a century has passed since it was the centre of the woollen manufacture of the kingdom. The "hose of fine Totnes" had a high reputation throughout the middle ages. According to Westcote, prior to the time of Edward IV. only friezes and plain coarse cloths were made in Devon, until one Antony Bonvile, an Italian, introduced the making of kersies. Exeter became the head of the manufacture, the fullers, weavers, and shearmen of that city being influential enough to compel regulations which had that effect. Eventually their narrowness and monopoly formed the chief cause of the decline of the manufacture in the West. Now, although Devonshire serges are higher in repute than ever, the manufacture has fallen off to a shadow of its former importance, and is carried on almost wholly by three manufacturers at Ashburton, Buckfastleigh, and North Tawton [Sects. IX. and X.].

Honiton lace [Sect. IV.] is a manufacture peculiar to the county, introduced by Flemish refugees in the reign of Edward VI. There is a large lace factory at Tiverton, and Torrington is almost wholly given over to glove making.

There are potteries round Bovey and Newton, and in the N. of Devon, and terra-cotta works at Torquay.

Devonshire stands very high as an agricultural county; and has produced a leading breed of cattle, the famous red Devons. The Dartmoor sheep have attained great excellence; and both Dartmoor and Exmoor have their breeds of sturdy ponies.

Those who wish fuller information concerning Devon and its belongings, will find plenty of authorities. Some of the

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leading ones are: Westcote's 'View of Devon,' Risdon's 'Survey,' Pole's 'Collection,' Polwhele's 'History,' the Lysons' Devonshire volume of the 'Magna Britannia' Prince's 'Worthies of Devon,' Rowe's 'Perambulation of Dartmoor,' De la Beche's 'Geological Report on Devon, Cornwall, and West Somerset,' Oliver's 'Monasticon' of the diocese of Exeter, Oliver's 'History of Exeter,' Worth's 'Histories of Plymouth and Devonport,' Jewitt's 'History of Plymouth,' White's 'History of Torquay,' Bray's 'Tamar and Tavy,' Briggs' 'Flora of Plymouth and District,' Ellacombe's 'Church Bells of Devon,' Pycroft's 'Art in Devon,' Dunsford and Harding's 'Histories of Tiverton,' 'Gribble's 'Barnstaple,' Chanter's 'Lundy Island,' and the 'Transactions' of the Diocesan Architectural Society, the Plymouth Institution, and the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature, and Art. This last-mentioned society devotes its attention exclusively to Devonshire, and each year publishes a bulky volume. No similar society in the kingdom has done or is doing such work, and its Transactions must be consulted for the latest and most accurate information on all matters connected with the county.

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RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

I. EXETER.

The tourist in S. Devon naturally begins with Exeter, the capital of the county, the centre to which its railways tend. There are two routes from London: the Great Western Railway, viâ *Bristol, from Paddington; the London and South-Western Railway,* viâ *Salisbury, from Waterloo. Time by either: (express)* 4 *h.*, *(ordinary)* 5 *h. to* 6½ *h. Chief Refreshment Rooms:—Great Western: Swindon, Bristol; South-Western: Salisbury. Fares, by either: (single)* 35*s.*, 25*s.*, 14*s.* 3½*d.*, *(return)* 55*s.*, 40*s. Third-class single tickets issued by all trains except chief express. Great Western stations at Exeter: St. David, St. Thomas; South-Western: Queen Street, St. David.*

Hotels abound in Exeter. The principal are the *Rougemont* (named after the old city castle), the *New London Inn, Clarence, Half Moon, Globe, Queen's, White Lion, White Hart, Bude Haven, Crown and Sceptre,* and *South-Western.* Eating houses and confectioners' shops are equally plentiful, and the traveller can have no difficulty in suiting either his taste or his pocket. Cab fares are calculated at 1*s.* a mile; and a 1*s.* fare covers any part of the city. By time the fare is 2*s.* 6*d.* for the first hour, and 2*s.* per hour afterwards. (Pop., with St. Thomas, 43,769.)

Exeter stands almost alone among our provincial cities in its historical connection. We trace it through the English burgh, the Norman ville, the Saxon tun, the Roman chester, back to the Keltic hill-fort dominating the marshes of the Exe. Legend credits it with being built by Brutus, of mythic memory, before he founded London! Fancy has raised it to the dignity of a mart wherein the ancient Briton conducted his trade with the merchants of Phœnicia. But it has been in turn the stronghold of every race holding rule in England. Before Æthelstan finally drove the Kelts across the Tamar, and surrounded the

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city with walls and towers, the Saxon and the Briton dwelt therein, each in his own quarter, side by side. Palgrave held that in remote antiquity Exeter was a free republic, enjoying liberties and franchises "before any Anglo-Saxon king had a crown upon his head or a sceptre in his hand."

Edward the Confessor transferred to Exeter, from Crediton, the seat of the united sees of Devon and Cornwall. At the Conquest it ranked with London, York, and Winchester, one of the four chief cities of the realm, though but threescore years had passed since it was ruined by Sweyn the Dane. It strove gallantly to maintain its ancient liberties against the Conqueror, but found it good policy to surrender to that terrible foe. Again and again have besieging hosts gathered around its walls. It was garrisoned for Matilda against Stephen by Redvers, Earl of Devon. It was besieged during the wars of the Roses; by Perkin Warbeck; by the rebels of the West, who rose for the old faith in the reign of Edward VI. Finally, it was beleaguered, first by the King and then by the Parliament, in the Great Rebellion. Though its motto be "Semper fidelis," Exeter in its time has played many parts, and its loyalty to the throne has been more conspicuous than its devotion to a cause.

The city still preserves in its main thoroughfares the plan of Roman days; North and South Streets crossing Fore and High Streets in the middle of the city, close by the Cathedral Yard. The site is very pleasant. The hill-fort of the Kelts, the germ of the present city, was perched on a peninsular hill, round the base of which, amidst marshes, flowed the Exe, whilst the environment was continued by valleys so abrupt that the chief roads from Exeter into the country have had to be embanked. The city is not observed to advantage on either approach from London, but from the South Devon line, as it winds up by the side of the Exe estuary, the old town is seen in all its beauty, hemmed in by gardens, studded by towers and spires, the long grey line of the Cathedral stretching above the whole.

Exeter has been modernized chiefly in its suburbs, though there are some very fine modern business houses. The city proper wears the marks of its history proudly; and the High Street has an aspect of antiquity without rival in the West. It ranks indeed among the most picturesque thoroughfares not merely in Devon, but in the kingdom. And what with the projecting stories, the gables, the galleries, the carven corbels, and multiple windows of its Elizabethan houses; its

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quaint, if not elegant, churches; the striking façade of its ancient Guildhall; and its noble Cathedral; Exeter is a veritable paradise for the antiquary.

N. of the High Street and approached through Castle Street are the remains of the *Castle of Rougemont*, so called from the natural colour of the hill, which is formed of a reddish-brown trap. In the Castle Yard is a statue to the late Earl Fortescue, Lord Lieutenant of the county. In the grounds of Rougemont House, but visible from the Yard and street, stands the castle gatehouse, a good example of Nor. work of rude character. It is 30 feet square, the walls 6 feet thick. At each end is a plain "full-centred" archway with a 12-foot opening, and recesses on each side. The southern capital of the inner archway shows traces of Nor. carving. There were two stories in the superstructure, with two windows above each doorway in the lower story, and one window above each pair in the upper. The castle wall, which encloses the ancient rampart of the old hill-fort of the Britons and the "strength" of the Saxons, is also of Nor. date, and in good preservation save on the side next Northernhay, where it was removed to make room for the modern castle or sessions house, an ugly building, and not too commodious. There are on the wall two half-round solid bastions, one on the S.W., pure Nor., the other on the N.E., transitional Nor. The walls can be ascended from the Castle Yard.

None of the ancient *gates* of the city remain. The materials of the East Gate, taken down in 1784, are worked into a house on the N. side of High Street close by, with a statue of Henry VII., which stood on the outer face. The lock and key of the West Gate are in the Albert Museum. The gates of the Cathedral Close have likewise been removed. There is no fragment of the city walls traceable between Northernhay and the E. end of Southernhay, except a small portion behind the house in High Street (No. 266) already noted. The wall remains in fair preservation at the back of Southernhay. In the grounds of the Bishop's Palace are the remains of a barbican, through which Bishop Carey was allowed to have a postern. Close by is another tower and four embrasures, the only ones to be seen. The wall is easily traceable hence to the site of the Water Gate, and so on to that of the West Gate. Then there is a considerable gap. Beyond Bartholomew Yard towards North Street the wall forms a terrace walk. On the S. of Northernhay Street it is to be seen with traces of arrow slits; and the Albert

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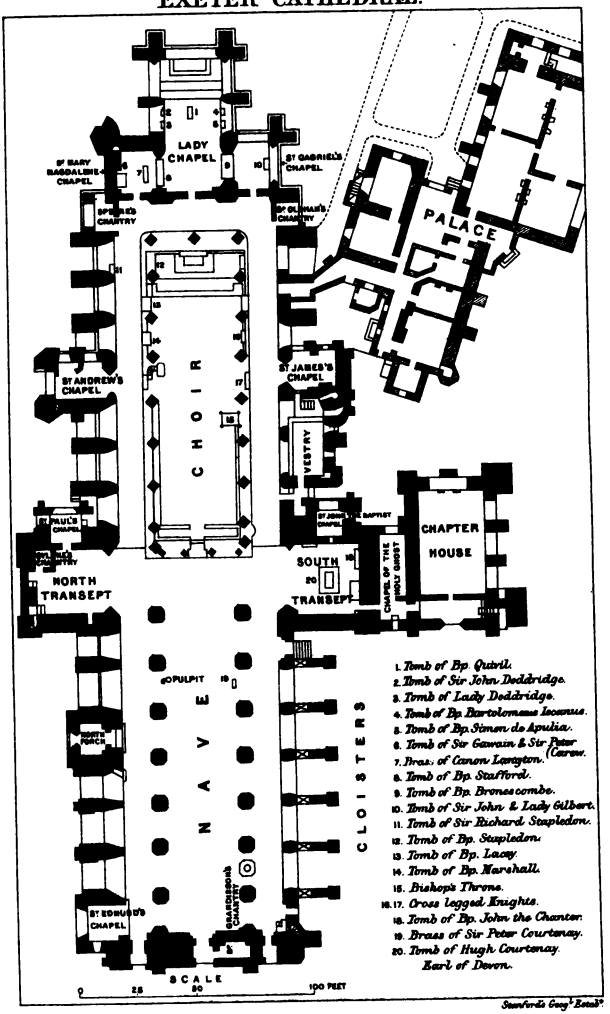
EXETER CATHEDRAL.



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Museum stands partly on its site. Bedford House, which stood on the site of what is now Bedford Crescent, originally a religious establishment, was taken down about a century ago. It was the town house of the Russells, and in it the youngest daughter of Charles I. was born. Bampfylde House, on the S. of High Street, through Bampfylde Street, still remains. The city house of the Courtenays, in the Cathedral Yard, is now occupied by the Devon and Exeter Institution, which has the best library in the West of England.

The *Cathedral* of Exeter, though it cannot be placed in the first rank of English cathedrals, occupies a leading position in the second. In some respects, indeed, it is unexcelled. No cathedral in the kingdom is so perfectly symmetrical in arrangement. The late Archdeacon Freeman, whose account of the Cathedral (based historically in great measure on the Fabric Rolls, which are all but complete from the year 1279 to the year 1514) is the best we have, goes so far as to say that it exhibits "perhaps the most perfect specimen in the world of bilateral (or right and left hand) symmetry. Not only does aisle answer to aisle, and pillar to pillar, and window tracery to window tracery, but also chapel to chapel, screen to screen, and even tomb to tomb, and canopy to canopy." The transeptal towers offer the finest example in existence of a very rare arrangement, to be found nowhere else in England save in the church of St. Mary Ottery, confessedly built on the Cathedral plan. The W. front, with its magnificent screen, and its storied array of the crumbling effigies of prophets, saints, and kings, is singularly effective. But the crowning glory of the Cathedral is in the interior—that long unbroken stretch of vaulting of nave and choir, "the magnificent perspective of fluted columns and richly ribbed roof," more than 300 feet in length, which neither England nor any other country can rival.

No part of the existing fabric can be traced back to that eventful day when the seat of the see of Devon and Cornwall was transferred to Exeter, and when, in the church of the monastery of St. Peter, Leofric, the first Bishop of Exeter, was solemnly enthroned, Edward the Confessor leading him by his right arm, and Edith the Queen by his left, Edith being lady paramount of the city, which formed part of her "morning gift." This was in 1050, and the foundation charter which the Confessor laid on the altar of St. Peter, with the attestations of archbishop and bishop, of priest, of earl, and minister—of Godwin and Leofric, Siward and the

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ill-fated Harold—is still preserved among the archives of the Dean and Chapter. William Warelwast, nephew of the Conqueror, bishop of Exeter from 1107 to 1136, was the founder of the Norman Cathedral, partially at least upon the site of its Saxon predecessor. He erected the present towers, with choir and apse, and the eastern part of the nave. Continued with less activity under his successors, the Nor. Cathedral was not completed until the episcopate of Henry Marshall, 1194–1206, who not only finished the nave, but lengthened the choir, added the Lady Chapel, and did some other works, in which the pointed arch appears. The remains of this Nor. and Trans. Cathedral are, as Arch. Freeman rightly states, sufficient to show that "the general aspect must have been, as at Chichester, stern and heavy."

It was the accepted theory that in the two stern massive transeptal towers, we have the western towers of the Norman structure. It is clear, however, that they were transeptal in position from the first, and converted into transepts proper by the removal of the inner walls. Arch. Freeman suggests that Bishop Marshall introduced pointed arches into the towers, partially removing the partition between them and the nave. Of this there is no evidence, and the existing magnificent transeptal arrangement is undoubtedly due to Bishop Quivil, the great master builder of the present Cathedral, who held the see from 1280 to 1291, and commenced the work of transformation, which was carried on virtually upon his plans for nearly eighty years after his decease. Only in this way can we account for the singular unity of style and design which the building exhibits. With the exception of the Nor. towers, the E. window, an objectionable insertion of Perp. date, and a few minor points, the Cathedral throughout is Dec., and, some of Bishop Grandisson's work apart, Dec. of the purest type—the Geometrical. It was under Grandisson, 1327–1369, that the Cathedral as we now see it, was finally completed.

There are many excellent distant views of the Cathedral, with its twin towers and long roof line dominating grandly over the ancient city. It may be seen to advantage, too, from the Cathedral Yard, pleasant with verdant turf and stately elms. The whole of the N. side of the Cathedral is open to the Yard, with the W. front, and the S. of the nave so far as the Chapter House. On the S. of the choir are the gardens of the Bishop's Palace. A good view of the Lady Chapel can, however, be obtained from the E., some old buildings having been judiciously removed.

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It will be observed that of the two *towers* the S. is rather earlier in character. In marked contrast to the grim solidity of the towers and the simplicity of their arcading is the graceful outline of the flying buttresses with their rich pinnacle work. Still more strongly in contrast is the richly ornate W. front.

This *W. front* is in the main the work of Bishop Brantyngham, 1370–1394, the N. entrance and other late portions being probably due either to Richard Fox, 1487–1491, or his successor, Oliver King, 1492–1495. A profusely ornamented screen "hides the lower portion of the actual W. wall, and forms a porch over each of the three doorways it contains. This screen, filled with the statues of prophets and apostles, martyrs, saints, and kings, gives a great appearance of strength as well as of beauty to this portion of the Cathedral; above it seems to recede the next stage of the composition, containing the great W. window, and on each side a graduated arcade. The gable is in a third story, which again recedes from that beneath it; it has a spherically triangular window surmounted by a niche with a colossal figure of the patron saint." There are two rows of statues, with a third row of angels beneath, supporting the figures above. Time and ill-usage have done their work, and it is idle to attempt to identify these threescore crumbling relics of the past. Two statues above the upper row are, however, evident enough in their intention—Æthelstan, who built the walls of Exeter, and Edward, who founded its bishopric. It is to be hoped that no rash attempt will be made at restoration here.

The three doorways in the screen are elaborately ornamented; that on the S. most so. Its recess contains the remains of two pieces of sculpture, "The Appearance of the Angel to St. Joseph," and the "Shepherds' Adoration." On the S. of the central entrance, in the body of the screen, is the little chapel of *St. Radegunde*, restored by Grandisson as the place of his own sepulture, and enclosed in the screen by Brantyngham. The remains of Grandisson rest there no longer. In the closing years of the 16th century, sacrilegious hands unknown violated the sanctity of the tomb, and scattered these frail relics of mortality abroad.

The first thing to strike the eye on entering the Cathedral is the grand unbroken range of roof vaulting, already noted. The exquisite symmetry and careful correspondence of parts and details are felt rather than seen. A glance shows the wonderful beauty of the design; close examination only will reveal that beauty's cause. Nearly seven years of patient labour,

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and the expenditure of 40,000*l.*, have restored the Cathedral, so far as the interior is concerned, very much to its appearance when Grandisson completed the work which Quivil had so well begun. The great Purbeck columns with their pale blue, the delicate cream colour of the Beer stone of the arcades and walling, the dark brown of the Thorverton trap intermixed with the freestone in the vaulting of the roof, harmoniously effective in their low-toned contrast, marvellously heighten the effect of the rich chromatic decoration, reproduced from the remains of the ancient colour found underneath the whitewash which defaced the beauties of rib and boss. The Cathedral has for the nonce lost somewhat of its venerable aspect, but time soon tones; and there is little to criticise in the work which Sir Gilbert Scott so admirably carried out.

Immediately on the left hand of the N. doorway, at the commencement of the N. aisle, is the chapel of *St. Edmund*, used as the Consistory Court. In the course of the restoration the remains of an ancient tile pavement were found under the wooden floor; and the chapel is now laid with tiles reproducing this pattern. An abominably ugly mural monument by Marochetti, to the memory of the officers and men of the 9th Lancers who fell in India, erected in 1860, in the N. aisle, unfortunately came to no harm during the works of restoration. In this aisle observe the font made specially to baptize the Princess Henrietta, the youngest daughter of Charles I., who was born in the old city.

The *nave* is essentially the work of Grandisson. Portions of Nor. walling may be observed extending westward from the N. transept to the N. porch; which are quite enough to prove that the Nor. cathedral did not terminate, according to the old theory, with the existing towers. The easternmost bay of the nave was converted from Nor. into Dec. by Quivil, *circa* 1284. It was nearly half a century later that Grandisson took up the work and carried it out to completion. The most notable detail of the nave is the *minstrels' gallery* in the central bay on the N. It is an exceedingly beautiful work, this "far-famed and unrivalled" gallery, evidently an addition to the original design of the nave, and has been associated with the creation of the Black Prince Duke of Cornwall, Exeter being parcel of the duchy. The heads of Edward III. and Queen Philippa appear on the corbels. The special object of this gallery was the entertainment of distinguished personages by means of musicians.

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As a fine example of modern work, note the *pulpit*, erected by subscription at a cost of 700*l*., in memory of the martyred Bishop Patteson. It is Dec. in style, designed by Sir G. Scott, and executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. The material is yellow Mansfield stone, with shafts of Devonshire marble. The body of the pulpit has three sculptured panels, with niches between, elegantly canopied. In the central panel is seen the body of the bishop being brought by friendly natives to a boat.

The whole of the later work connected with the *transepts* is undoubtedly Quivil's. This includes the singularly beautiful transept windows; the chapels of *St. Paul* and *St. John the Baptist*, respectively E., the one of the N. and the other of the S. transept; and the quaint triforial galleries, which had to be made projecting because of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of hewing a passage through the Nor. walls. Neither of these chapels calls for special remark. Adjoining the chapel of St. Paul is the Sylke chantry, founded by William Sylke, sub-chanter, buried therein 1508. His effigy is an emaciated figure in a shroud. In this transept is a notable *clock* of apparently 13th century date, but which has more than once undergone a thorough renovation. It shows the age of the moon on a dial which depicts the earth as the centre of the universe, with both sun and moon circling around. The *N. tower* should be ascended, not merely for the sake of the view over the city, but because it contains the great Peter bell, brought from Llandaff by Bishop Courtenay, 1478–1486, and recast just 200 years later, 1676. It weighs 12,500 lbs.; Great Tom, at Christ Church, Oxford, weighing 4500 lbs. more. Both are now exceeded in size by the great bell at the Houses of Parliament, Big Ben, which weighs 30,000 lbs.

The chief feature in the S. transept is the tomb of *Hugh Courtenay*, Earl of Devon, and Margaret, his wife; they died respectively in 1377 and 1391. This tomb was removed from the nave, where it stood within a chantry chapel, the place of which is still marked (it was destroyed about 1630) by the brass of Sir Peter Courtenay, Earl Hugh's son, standard bearer to Edward III., and a distinguished soldier. The Courtenay tomb has suffered somewhat from over restoration. In this transept there is also a monument with effigy to *Sir Peter Carew*, died 1575. A monument erected by the city historian Hoker, in 1568, states that *Leofric* was buried in this part of the Cathedral. This has been doubted,

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but there is no doubt that his body was removed thither from the Saxon crypt, and Arch. Freeman suggests that the little chapel of the *Holy Ghost*, between the S. wall of the tower and the Chapter House, may be a relic of Leofric's minster. This chapel, with the *Chapter House*, is approached by a doorway in the S. W. angle of the transept; and as the Chapter House is E. Eng., the probability is that the chapel of the Holy Ghost dates from the same period. Bishop Bruere, 1224–1244, was the original builder of the Chapter House; but two centuries later it had fallen into decay, and was repaired and modified by Bishops Lacey, Neville, and Bothe, 1420–1478. It is a square building, not peculiarly interesting; but it contains an excellent library. Among the MS. treasures is the Exeter Domesday Book.

The choir is divided from the nave by a noteworthy *screen*, erected by Bishop Stapledon. It was not a rood screen, for the rood was borne on a beam above; but appears in the old records under the name of "*la pulpytte*." And a pulpit, very much in the modern sense, it was, intended primarily to read the Epistle and Gospel from, and also for the delivery of special addresses. It bears the great organ, a very fine instrument, built by Loosemore in 1665. During the restoration it was put thoroughly in order. The pipes are of the purest tin, and stand out simply and effectively against the dark brown of the massive oaken case. The screen is pierced by three arches, the two side ones of which had been built up; and its retention or removal was much controverted during the restoration. Eventually it was decided that it should be retained, as became so ancient a part of the fabric, but that it should be restored to its original condition by reopening the side arches. It would have been a fatal blot on the works of restoration, had this structure been demolished. There is documentary evidence that it was used as an organ loft so early as 1513.

The *choir* transformation, according to Arch. Freeman, is wholly the work of Bishop Bitton, 1292–1337. It has been usual to assign the larger portion of the work—the four eastern bays—to his successor, Stapledon; but the Fabric Rolls restore to Bitton his just due. The singularly elegant corbels and the roof bosses, now glowing as of old with colour, were also part of his work. Notice the evidences of transformation which the choir affords, in the diminution in the thickness of the wall and the size of the pillars, in the E. of the presbytery as compared with the W., and in the sin-

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gular pair of arches flanking the screen W. of the choir, evidently substituted for the heavy Nor. piers.

Three ancient works and two of modern date claim special notice in the choir—the misereres, sedilia, and throne; the stalls and the reredos. The *misereres* are exceedingly noteworthy, the earliest now extant in this country, and are ascribed by Arch. Freeman to Bishop Bruere, 1224–1244. Their E. Eng. character is unmistakable. The carvings are very quaint, and may be classed as foliage, figure, and grotesque. One is remarkable for bearing the figure of an elephant, an animal which long after the date of the carving had never been seen in England. This and other eastern fancies are ascribed to the fact that Bruere had spent some years in the East. The modern *stall work* with which the misereres are now incorporated is singularly beautiful. It was designed by Sir G. Scott, executed by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, and follows "up the lead of the misereres, having foliage, animals, and human figures in great profusion, with an occasional grotesque subject." The canopies are light and elegant.

The *reredos* is exceedingly beautiful, and was given by Chanc. Harington and Dr Blackall. It was made the subject of legal proceedings, on account of sundry figure carvings, notably a central representation of the Ascension. However, it remains intact. It is of alabaster and various marbles, and richly jewelled—a most elaborate piece of work, but somewhat wanting in dignity for its position. Polished marbles, chiefly local, are largely used for the choir flooring, with a very rich effect.

The *bishop's throne* was formerly assigned to Bishop Bothe, 1465–1478, in spite of the evident anachronism of the style; but the Fabric Rolls give this marvellously elegant work to Stapledon. It is 52 feet high, does not contain a single nail, and cost just twelve guineas! half of which was for the timber, which came from Chudleigh. It was carved by Robert de Galmeton, by task work, for 4*l.*! No modern carver would produce a duplicate much under 1000*l.* The bishop's chair stands underneath a towering canopy, which springs lightly and gracefully, "like the foamy sheaf of fountains," almost to the roof. The carving, "which has been pronounced by good artists to be of unrivalled excellence, consists chiefly of foliage, with knops or finials of great beauty surmounting tabernacled niches. The pinnacle corners are enriched with heads of every variety of animal." The

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throne only escaped during the Commonwealth by being concealed.

Still more delicate and elaborate is the stone carving of the *sedilia*, which were also erected by Stapledon, and which embody a memorial of the installation of Leofric by the Confessor and his Queen. Above each of the seats is a head, the central one of a bishop, the other two of a man and a woman, which we may take to represent Edward and Edith. Probably their effigies were originally included in the design; for in the very rich and beautiful canopy work above the seats there are three empty niches. The carving will repay the closest inspection, particularly that of the foliage introduced. Marshall and Stapledon both lie in the choir. The monument to Marshall is the more interesting.

The characteristic features of the *choir aisles* are the chapels of *St. Andrew* (N. aisle) and *St. James* (S. aisle). They have somewhat of a transeptal nature, have upper chambers approached by spiral staircases, and appear in their origin of very early date. Arch. Freeman conjectures that they were substituted by Marshall "for the apsidal chapels belonging to the Nor. choir." Their transformation to Dec. was almost wholly the work of Bishop Bronescombe, 1257–1280, completed by Stapledon. The chamber over the chapel of St. Andrew is the muniment room of the chapter. In the N. aisle is a knightly effigy, cross-legged, the memorial of *Sir Richard de Stapledon*, the prelate's elder brother; and at its extremity is the *Speke chantry*, or St. George's Chapel, a fine example of florid Perp. work, commenced in the time of Bishop Oldham, 1504–1519, and completed in that of his successor, Veysey. It has been sadly mutilated by the piercing of a doorway through the E. wall. In a corresponding position in the S. choir aisle is the *Oldham chantry*, or St. Saviour's Chapel, erected by Oldham and containing his effigy. This has escaped injury. It was restored some years since by Corpus Christi College, of which Oldham and Fox, Bishop of Winchester, were joint founders, very crudely as to colour. The Speke chantry was the foundation of Sir John Speke, of White Lackington, Somerset. Both choir aisles are the work of Bishop Bitton, 1292–1307.

We now come to the *Lady Chapel* and its flanking chapels of *St. Mary Magdalene* N., and *St. Gabriel* S.; opening into the E. aisle or *retrochoir*, which was originally constructed by Marshall, though it is doubtful whether any of that work remains. The Lady Chapel and its adjuncts, as now existing,

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are mainly the work of Quivil, whose memorial is in the centre of the elegant tile and marble pavement. In restoring them care has been taken to renew the original colouring of roofs and ribs and bosses and reredos, which is exceedingly gorgeous. Moreover, the whole of the windows in the Lady Chapel have been filled with stained glass. Note the fine high tombs beneath the arches opening into the side chapels —that of Bronescombe S., that of Stafford N.

The *windows* of the Cathedral are among its most notable features. With the single exception of the great E. window, an unfortunate Perp. replacement of the original, they are all Dec., and exhibit a greater variety of tracery than is found in any other building in the kingdom. Observe the manner in which the aisle and clerestory windows are arranged in pairs. Side by side no two are alike, but the opposing windows correspond throughout. With trivial exceptions, moreover, they are all not merely Dec., but of the purest period of that style. "The great W. window adheres faithfully to the type of the transept window, with only an increased grandeur of scale, and in the substitution of a mazy centre for the straight spiked wheel of Quivil's design." The nave tracery is based on the outline either of the lily or the rose, which appear in Quivil's arms.

The windows were originally largely filled with stained glass, which the Fabric Rolls show to have been chiefly purchased at Rouen. A good deal of this 14th-century glass still remains, some worked in barbarous patterns into later glazing; while a considerable quantity was discovered in a box while the works of restoration were in hand. There is likewise much in the E. window, evidently removed from its predecessor, which is exceedingly good and interesting. The glass of the W. window, which dates from the last century, is about as meagre in colour and as poor in design as the period could well supply. Messrs. Clayton and Bell have excellent modern glass in the Phillpotts, Harington, Coleridge, Freeman, and Courtenay windows, part of the restoration.

During the course of the restoration in the nave, on the removal of the limewash from the S. aisle wall, a series of interesting heraldic paintings was discovered, dating early in the 17th century, which have been carefully preserved.

Exeter has many churches, but few worth looking at, for quaintness is not everything. There is Nor. arcading in St. Mary Arches, and a Nor. font in St. Mary Steps. St. Mary Major has been rebuilt (Ashworth, architect). The finest

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church in the city is, however, that of *St. Michael*, erected at the sole cost of the late Mr. W. Gibbs. It is a very beautiful example of Early Gothic, with a central tower and spire 230 feet in height. Another good Gothic building, and the only Nonconformist edifice calling for notice here, is the Congregational chapel in Southernhay, which has a very graceful spire (Tarring, architect).

The Bishop's *Palace* is an interesting building, considerably altered and improved by the late bishop. But the old city so abounds in these material memories of the storied past that we can only indicate a few of the more prominent; and among these the numerous almshouses, notably Wynards, should not be overlooked. Note too, at the corner of North Street and High Street, the ancient figure of "Father Peter," whose origin is a mystery, but who may have come from the Cathedral throne.

In South Street, immediately below the opening into the Cathedral Yard, is the Hall of the *College of Priest Vicars*, erected by Bishop Brantyngham in the closing years of the 14th century. Most of the buildings once appendant have disappeared, but the Hall has been restored, and is worth a visit. Of two portraits one is by Reynolds; the other a copy of the finest example of a painter of rare merit—the Rev. Tobias Langdon, by James Gandy, of Exeter. Reynolds spoke highly of Gandy's work, and Kneller waxed enthusiastic, and lamented that the artist should bury himself in the country. The present copy was substituted by a "restorer," to whom the original had been entrusted! In this hall are held the meetings of the Exeter Diocesan Architectural Society, which has published several valuable volumes of Transactions.

The *Guildhall* is worthy of the old city; though in its capacity behind the wants of the 19th century. But, as Mr. Justice Byles very wisely said, when he presided at the first city assize held therein after its recent renovation, "it was easy to build a large hall and a fine hall; but it was beyond the power of man to build an old hall." The Hall, 62 feet by 25 feet, was erected in 1466, on the site of a still more ancient centre of civic life. It has a good roof, an armorial window, old-fashioned fittings, and contains several pictures, among them portraits of the Princess Henrietta, afterwards Duchess of Orleans, by Lely, presented to the city by Charles II.; Monk, Duke of Albemarle, by Lely; and some good examples of Hudson, Reynolds's first instructor, including

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Earl Camden, George II., and Lord Chancellor Pratt. In front of the Guildhall proper is the Council Chamber, which partially projects into the street on a picturesque Elizabethan colonnade. This was erected in 1593, and forms a prominent feature in the High Street. The Chamber itself is of little interest, and the pictures it contains are mostly portraits of civic worthies. The most interesting is that of John Hoker, chamberlain and historian of the city, and uncle of the "judicious" Hooker, who died in 1601. Exeter boasts amongst its civic insignia the swords of Edward IV. and of Henry VII., given to the citizens in mark of special honour. The latter monarch also gave a cap of maintenance. The Hall is always open to the public; but special application must be made to see the swords and cap.

Among the many memorials of the late Prince Consort, the *Albert Memorial Museum* has a right to a very prominent place. It combines, under one roof, a museum, science and art schools, a free library, and a reading room. The site is excellent, and the building worthy of it. The style is Early French Gothic (Hayward, architect). An effective use has been made of the chromatic capabilities of local building stones. The walls are of Pocombe stone—reddish brown, with light veins; the dressings of Chudleigh limestone. In the interior Heavitree conglomerate and the polished marbles of Plymouth and Ipplepen are employed. The polished pillars of red granite at the entrance are from Aberdeen. Dartmoor yields a finer red, but it has been little worked. On the main staircase is a statue of the Prince Consort, by Stephens, a native of Exeter. The cost of the building, exclusive of the greater part of the site given by the late Mr. R. S. Gard, M.P. for Exeter, and valued at 2000*l*., was 15,000*l*. The museum is good, and has several special features. There is a capital collection illustrative of the economic geology of Devon and Cornwall. In the natural-history department the first place must be assigned to the large general collection formed by Mr. F. W. S. Ross of Topsham, presented by his widow. Antiquities muster strongly, and include the most interesting objects found in barrows in E. Devon by the Rev. R. Kirwan, the gem of this collection being a unique cup, presumably of Kimmeridge shale. Ladies will feel interested in a valuable case of ancient and modern Devonshire laces presented by Mrs. Treadwin. The miscellanea are peculiarly full and valuable. There is a large picture by Cross of Tiverton, a deaf and

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dumb artist, the "Burial of the Princes in the Tower;" Behnes' original cast for the statue of Sir W. Follet; a bust of Mr. Ross, by Durham; and a collection of engravings by Cousins, a native of Exeter, mostly his gift.

Recent sculptural additions to the attractions of the city are the fine bronze group of the "Deerstalker," by Stephens—a noble gift, of which and of the artist the citizens are justly proud; and an excellent statue of the Earl of Devon, the head of the English Courtenays, by the same sculptor.

Northernhay, which lies immediately N. of the castle, and extends from Queen Street to High Street, is the chief public walk of the citizens. It has some fine trees, and is altogether a charming spot. On it are statues of the late Sir T. Acland, and of Mr. Dinham, a local benefactor. The neighbourhood of Exeter abounds with good walks. Pennsylvania, a mile distant, affords the best view of the city. Heavitree (erroneously said to be so called from the gallows, a "heavy tree," indeed, which stood there) and Mount Radford are very pleasant suburbs. There are delightful and easy walks along the meadows by the Exe to Wear and Topsham, by the side of the canal to Alphington, Cowick, and Ide; to Cowley Bridge, and many other places. In fact, the city is the centre of an environment of winding lanes and attractive field paths. By railway easy excursions may be made to Exmouth, Sidmouth, Seaton, Dawlish, Teignmouth, and many other delightful spots, for which see the railway routes that follow. Few will care to desert the iron ways for the old turnpikes, but for those who do, the road to Moretonhampstead may be recommended, or, still better, that to Okehampton, which passes through a very interesting part of the county, and one now little visited.

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Railway Excursions.

II. EXETER TO AXMINSTER.

Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Axminster.
1	Pinhoe	26
4¾	Broadclyst	22¼
8½	Whimple	18½
12¼	Ottery Road	14¾
16¾	Honiton	10¼
23¾	Seaton Junction	3¼
27	Axminster	

Time: (*exp.*) ¾h.; (*ordinary*) 1h.; *Fares:* (*single*) 5*s.* 8*d.*, 4*s.*, 2*s.* 3*d.*; (*return*) 8*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

The chief London and South-Western Exeter station is at Queen Street; but the trains also run through St. David's to N. Devon, and Plymouth and Devonport. We start from the former. The character of the county E. of Exeter is chiefly pastoral, with plenty of trees, more hilly and more sylvan as Dorset is neared.

1m. PINHOE. This is merely a little roadside station of a suburban character.

4¾m. BROADCLYST. (Pop. 2289.) The village is some distance from the station. The ch. is a good example of Perp., with a fine tower in four stages. An effigy of a knight in plate armour is supposed to represent Sir Roger de Nonant. Notice also monument to Sir John Acland, 1613.

8½m. WHIMPLE. (Pop. 720.) The village is on the right, close to the line. The ch. is chiefly Perp., with a low tower and no special features of interest.

12¼m. OTTERY ROAD STATION. This is the junction of the branch line to Ottery St. Mary and Sidmouth [Sect. IV.]. A railway hotel adjoins the station, conveniently for passengers who may find that some trains do not exactly fit. A mile E. from the station is *Feniton* ch., noteworthy merely for its screen and an altar-tomb. 2½m. N. is *Payhembury* ch., which possesses a rich screen, well worthy of notice. Feniton has its link with the general

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history of the county in a fight at Feniton Bridge between the Cornish and Devonshire insurgents, of 1549 [See Intro.], and the royal forces under Lord Russell. The battle was a stout one, for the rebels were not defeated until 300 of their number had fallen.

16¾m. HONITON. (Pop. 3349.) Inns: *Dolphin* and *Angel.* As the train speeds along from Ottery Road, the beautiful vale of Honiton opens out on either side. Gentle undulations give place to steep hills, with well-wooded slopes and picturesquely broken summits. The most characteristic of these rise immediately beyond Honiton. The main street, a wide, well-built thoroughfare, is nearly a mile long, and back in the old coaching days echoed to the rumbling of the wheels of four-and-twenty stages. Honiton is quieter now, but by no means decadent. It is a very ancient borough, and was represented in Parliament from the end of the 13th century until 1868, when reform extinguished it, after it had managed to survive the crisis of 1832. Authorities differ as to the meaning of the prefix Honi. "Honey" say some; "shame" say others, and in proof point to the arms of the town—a pregnant woman kneeling before a long-haired figure, reputed an idol. But even here the honey comes in in form of a branch of *honeysuckle;* and they are the wisest etymologists who will have nothing to do with either the sweet or the sour. Honiton has given name to a special manufacture, that of pillow or *Honiton lace* [See Intro.], introduced by Flemings in the middle of the 16th century; which still flourishes in the district, though chiefly in the villages along the coast. Sidmouth is now the artistic centre, but in every town in the neighbourhood shops for the sale of the lace may be found. "Honiton," by the way, varies much in quality. The most beautiful is that which has been made under the stimulus of the prizes offered in connection with the Arts Department of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society. This is exceedingly tasteful in design and exquisitely delicate in texture.

There is not much in Honiton to interest the antiquary. The ch. of *St. Paul,* in the town, erected in 1837, is a fair example of Nor. as then understood. It contains a fine painting of the Entombment of Christ, by William Salter, a native of the town. The old parish ch. is on the hill, S. of the railway, about half a mile from the town. It is worth a visit, not only for the sake of the excellent view from the churchyard, but for Bishop Courtenay's handsome

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late Perp. screen, and the tomb of Thomas Marwood, physician to Queen Elizabeth, who died, or his epitaph falsely witnesseth, at the age of 105. Of the many good walks to be taken from Honiton that to Sidmouth is not least to be esteemed.

23¾m. SEATON JUNCTION. Here the branch to Colyton and Seaton leaves the main line on the right [Sect. III.]. The country between Honiton and the Junction is very hilly and picturesque, and shortly after leaving Honiton the line passes through a long tunnel, the only important one on the South-Western between Exeter and London. Seaton Junction is within a quarter of an hour's brisk walk of the old gate-house of *Shute*, which formerly belonged to the Bonvilles, but for over three centuries has been owned by the De la Poles. The gate-house is a fine old bit of Tudor, with quaint gurgoyles, surrounded with trees. The old house (abandoned in favour of a more modern one nearly a century since) stood just within the gate, and a part remains. Of this family was the painstaking Devonshire antiquary and genealogist, Sir William Pole, and his portrait may be seen at Shute. Close by the gate-house is Shute ch., an old cruciform building, with central tower (E. Eng.) remodelled in the Perp. era. The ch. has been restored, and contains several monuments to the De la Poles, including a statue of Sir William Pole, 1741, by Cheere. In the churchyard is an exceedingly fine yew. Half an hour, if there is no more time to spare, will suffice to make acquaintance with Shute; but it will repay a longer visit.

27m. AXMINSTER. (Pop. 2852.) Inns: *The George* and *Three Cups*. An old town and a very dull one, though pleasantly situated, and by no means ill built. Very old, for in all probability it originated in one of the numerous hill camps of this corner of Devon; the Ikenild Way and the Fosse Way met there; and it is mentioned in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, under date 755, when Cyneheard the Æthe-ling, who killed Cynewulf, was buried at "Axanmynster." There is a tradition too of a great battle having been fought here in the 10th century, in which seven earls and five kings fell, and which led to Æthelstan establishing a college of six priests to pray for the souls of the fallen. This battle has been identified, mistakenly, with the great fight of Brunanburgh; and the tradition, which is very ancient, is the only record. A tradition of this kind must have had some basis. There was plenty of fighting in and around Axminster

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in the war between Charles and the Parliament, and the town was damaged materially. The *minster* is a spacious fabric, well placed in the heart of the town. Like many of its neighbours, it was originally cruciform, and still retains its central tower, the lower portion of which, with part of the chancel, is E. Eng. The turret stairs are in the S.W. pier. The two E. piers are pierced with hagioscopes. The nave, which has a low clerestory, and the greater part of the chancel, including the E. window, are Dec. The W. window of the nave is Perp., and in this style also is the N. aisle, which has an elegant parapet with open quatrefoils. The S. aisle was built at the commencement of the century, and is quite as good "Gothic" as could be expected in those unartistic days. At the E. end of this aisle is an interesting Nor. doorway, which was formerly on the S. of the nave. The ch. is in excellent internal order; but the exterior has too much rough-cast about it to be satisfactory. There is some character about the N. porch. The chancel contains a couple of effigies—Alice de Mohun, daughter of Lord Brewer, whose husband founded Newenham, and Gervase de Prestaller, vicar of Axminster, and chaplain to her father. The oak pulpit is dated 1633. Axminster carpets are no longer made here.

Excursions from Axminster.

1. About 1m. from Axminster, off the Seaton road, are the scant remains of the Cistercian house of Newenham. Inquire for Abbey Farm. Ashe, the birthplace of the Duke of Marlborough, is 3m. S.W., on the same road.

2. Of Ford Abbey, 7m. from Axminster (H. Evens, Esq.), there are more considerable remains than of any other monastic house connected with Devon. This is due to the fact that the Abbey has been converted into a residence. The oldest part of the present building is the Chapter House, Trans.-Nor., but very late. The dormitory has small lancet windows. The old hall or refectory has a timber roof of the time of Henry VI. Most of the ancient buildings are, however, of Perp. character. The cloister and great hall, not completed at the time of the dissolution, date in the reigns of Henries VII. and VIII. The Abbey passed under the hands of Inigo Jones, and a fine moulded ceiling by him still remains. There is likewise some good tapestry given by Queen Anne to Gwyn, her Secretary at War. The Abbey stands in a pleasant domain, and is approached by a fine avenue.

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Railway Excursions.

III. SEATON JUNCTION TO SEATON.

Distance from Junction.	Station.	Distance from Seaton.
2¾	Colyton	2¼
3¾	Colyford	1¼
5	Seaton	

Time: 16m. *Fares:* (*single*) 11*d.*, 8*d.*, 4*d.*; (*return*) 1*s.* 8*d.*, 1*s.* 2*d.*

See preceding section for Exeter to Seaton Junction.

The Seaton branch passes through a very pleasant and fertile district, gradually changing in character as it approaches the sea.

2¾m. COLYTON. (Pop. 2480.) Inns: *Commercial* and *Dolphin*. A quiet, thoroughly typical little Devonshire country town, clustered around its ch. at the foot of a hill. The ch. is cruciform, with a fine central tower, E. Eng. in its lower stage, but with a Perp. superstructure, and terminating in an octagonal lantern. There is some excellent Perp. work here, especially in the W. front and the chancel. A couple of chantries perpetuate the names of two old Devonshire families, the Poles and the Yonges. Sir William Pole, the antiquary [Sect. II.] lived at Colcombe Castle, ½m. from Colyton towards Axminster, and is buried in the ch. He rebuilt Colcombe, which had belonged to the Courtenays. It was greatly damaged in the wars of the Commonwealth, when it was the head-quarters for a time of Prince Maurice, and is now a farmhouse. There is a relic of the Courtenay occupation of Colcombe in Colyton ch., in a tomb—late Perp.—ascribed to Margaret, daughter of the 9th Earl of Devon, by Katherine, daughter of Edward IV. She is said to have been choked by a fish-bone, hence the popular name of the effigy, "little choky bone." The ascription is held to be doubtful, and it is said that Lady Margaret lived long after the date assigned, 1512.

3¾m. COLYFORD. A mere hamlet, close to the line. After passing the station the lower valley of the Axe opens out, and the railway runs along an estuarine flat down to Seaton. The village on the opposite side of the Axe, under Hawksdown Hill, is Axmouth, as its name implies the oldest existing settlement on the Axe estuary. Probably when

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Axmouth was founded the huge bar of shingle which stretches across the mouth of the Axe, and confines the river to a very narrow channel, had not assumed its present proportions, and the estuary had not silted up into rich marsh pastures, as at present. There are Nor. remains in Axmouth ch., and a fine effigy of a priest.

5m. SEATON. (Pop. 1221.) Inns: The *Royal Clarence*, *Pole Arms*, and *Golden Lion*. Seaton is worth a visit, if only for its fine chalk cliffs, the most westerly in England, owing their existence here to a fault having thrown down the Triassic strata, a depression in which, extending from Haven Cliff, immediately on the E. of the Axe, to beyond Beer Head on the W., is occupied by Cretaceous rocks. Seaton is a long town, of the one street order, rather unsophisticated in its ways, and giving a fair amount of accommodation to visitors. The great bank of shingle, the ancient bar alluded to above, has a little esplanade along its crest, and affords excellent accommodation for bathers. There is not much to be said of the ch., which was restored in 1866. Note, however, the traces of the various styles of E. Eng. to Perp. The chief attractions of Seaton itself are natural. Seaton Bay is a charming little nook, and its cliff line unique for Devon. Beer Head is remarkably picturesque, and its caverns and peaks are a singular combination of quaintness and grandeur. They cannot be thoroughly appreciated unless visited by boat.

EXCURSIONS FROM SEATON.

1. Many pleasant walks may be taken around Seaton; and it is a capital centre for visiting some of the finest ancient camps in the district. On Seaton Down, near the descent of the hill towards Colyford, there are remains of earthworks; and at Hannaditches, a mile or so S., remains of a Roman villa have been found.

2. For *Hawkesdown Hill Camp*, go through Axmouth, a mile from Seaton, by the three-arched *bridge* across the river, close to the railway station. The bridge is wholly of concrete, and the toll-house, which stands on arches, is also of the same material, with floor, walls, and roof all in one. This singular work is due to the enterprise of the late Sir W. Trevelyan, and structurally is a thorough success. The road to Axmouth is on the left, immediately over the bridge.

3. The *Landslip* should be visited. In the winter of 1839 there was a great slip of the cliffs on the coast between

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Lyme Regis and Seaton, which, besides other mischief, opened a chasm in the cliffs at Dowlands varying from 200 to 300 feet in width, upwards of 150 feet in depth, and not far short of a mile in length. The present aspect of this singular spot is at once weird and romantic. It is within easy reach of Seaton, about 2m. by the cliff road. Take the path behind the house on Haven Cliff immediately to the left on crossing the bridge. A round may be made by Axmouth, and Bindon House, with its little fifteenth-century domestic chapel, taken in the way. 7 to 8m.

4. To *Beer* and *Branscombe*. This is a delightful walk, and not a long one, but it may be prolonged to 8 or 9m. by following on the coast by Salcombe to Sidmouth. Beer is a quaint old village of smuggling repute, and Branscombe one of the most romantic seaside nooks in Devon. On the hill beyond Beer are the celebrated *quarries*, which are worked underground, by tunnels driven in from the hill side.

Railway Excursions.

IV. OTTERY ROAD TO SIDMOUTH.

Distance from Ottery Road.	Station.	Distance from Sidmouth.
2¾	Ottery St. Mary	5¾
5	Tipton	3½
8½	Sidmouth	

Time: 30m. *Fares:* (*single*) 1*s.* 8*d.*, 1*s.* 2*d.*, 8*d.*; (*return*) 3*s.*, 2*s.*, 1*s.* 3*d.*

In the earlier part of its course the line follows the valley of the Otter. Thence it crosses the hills by a series of heavy gradients and cuttings into the valley of the Sid, passing through Harpford woods. The scenery here is charming, and the railway as secluded as if it were in the heart of a forest miles from any trace of man.

2¾m. OTTERY ST. MARY. (Pop. 4005.) Inns: *King's Arms* and *London*. Ottery St. Mary lies on the left of the line, on the brow of a low hill, but its handsome ch. is not very conspicuous. The town was in great part burnt down in 1767, and in 1866 no fewer than 111 houses were destroyed. But Ottery nevertheless is well worthy of notice, and this for two reasons. It was the birthplace (21st October, 1772) of the poet *Coleridge*, whose father was both Vicar of Ottery

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and master of the ancient Grammar School, which is associated with many worthy names; while, if Alexander Barclay, author of the 'Ship of Foolis,' was not himself a native of the old town, he was a prebendary of Ottery at the commencement of the 16th century. And this brings us to the second reason why a visit should be paid hither—the magnificent old *Collegiate ch.*, the finest parish ch. in the county, and which in some respects may be regarded as a reduced copy of Exeter Cathedral, seeing that it too has the rare transeptal towers. Originally it was an E. English fabric, built by Bishop Bronescombe, about 1260, when the manor belonged to the chapter of Rouen. Three-quarters of a century later Bishop Grandisson bought the manor and founded the College, at the same time making important alterations in the ch. Early in the 16th century a spacious chapel was added by Cicely, daughter and heiress of William Lord Bonville, successively Marchioness of Dorset, and Countess of Stafford. The ch. as it stands, therefore, is of three periods. We have the E. Eng. of Bronescombe, the Dec. of Grandisson, and the Perp. of the Dorset aisle; each well marked in character. The ch. was restored as far back as 1849, under the direction of Mr. Butterfield, and contains a good deal of modern stained glass, by Hardman, Warrington, and Wailes, some from the design of Pugin. The general plan is cruciform, the towers forming the transepts. The choir has a chapel on each side, with a Lady Chapel E., and the Dorset aisle or chapel is on the N. of the N. aisle, with a large W. window of six lights. This aisle, however, spoils the symmetry of the W. façade, and the ch. is best seen from the S E, while the next best view is from the N.W. From either point the chief features of the fabric group very finely. The length of the ch. is 163 ft. 6 in., and the breadth of the choir with its aisles 40 ft. 6 in. The towers are 64 feet in height to the battlements, and that on the N. is surmounted by a low leaded spire. It may fairly be assumed that in the towers and aisles we have the work of Bronescombe; and that the remainder of the building, with the exception of the Dorset aisle, is substantially that of Grandisson. To the latter is certainly due the vaulting of the nave and choir, and the clerestory, the windows of which are of unusual character for Dec. work. His, too, is the Lady Chapel and its elegant stone gallery screen; and the gilded lectern which he gave to the College still remains in its proper place. Some old carved work has been preserved in the chancel stalls. The reredos, which had

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been boarded out of sight, was restored when the ch. was taken in hand; and the sedilia are noteworthy, as is the ancient clock. The ch. is said to have been much damaged by the Ironsides, but it is probable that the Elizabethan Commissioners, here as elsewhere, were quite as destructive, and the later churchwardenism must bear its share of the blame for the condition into which the ch. was allowed to fall. The chief monuments are the tombs of Bishop Grandisson's brother, Sir Otho, and his wife, Beatrice. To the effigy of one John Coke, 1632, said to have been murdered by his brother, the legend is attached that at night it perambulates the church. In the churchyard are several tombs of the Coleridge family; and a fine granite cross of the Irish type, 12 feet in height, "in affectionate remembrance of John Taylor Coleridge, erected 1877." Sir J. T. Coleridge is buried on the W. of the church.

5m. TIPTON. Merely a village.

8½m. SIDMOUTH. (Pop. 3501.) Inns: *Royal York*, *London*, *Bedford*, and *Commercial*; *Temperance*, for light refreshments, &c. Sixty years ago Sidmouth was the most fashionable and aristocratic watering-place on the coast of Devon; and it continued to flourish until the extension of the railway system diverted its traffic, and left it out of the world. Thenceforth it slumbered, but acquired withal a self-contained and self-dependent character, which the opening of its railway in 1874 has not yet destroyed. The railway station is 1m. from the town, but 'busses attend each train. Sidmouth has a distinctly suburban district, with many charming villas, a capital esplanade, and a delightful beach, where with very little difficulty agates and calcedonies may be picked up, while those who do not care to take this trouble may procure them of the local lapidaries. The town lies in the pleasant valley between the huge sandstone cliffs of Salcombe and Peak Hills, which glow with rich ruddiness, and command magnificent views. The valley is that of the Sid, but the Sid has no mouth save in name—its waters percolate through a shingle bank, which except in very stormy weather entirely bars its access to the sea. The Queen resided at Sidmouth with her mother during her early childhood, and here, in 1820, her father, the Duke of Kent, died. The climate of Sidmouth, which had made the Duke of Kent select it as a residence, is not only exceedingly mild, but the rainfall is the least recorded in Devonshire. See in the ch. of *St. Giles*, rebuilt in

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1859-60, with the exception of tower and the nave arcades, the fine W. window, given by the Queen in her father's memory.

Walks and Excursions from Sidmouth.

1. *Salcombe, Peak,* and *High Peak* Hills should by all means be ascended for the sake of their prospects. Salcombe Hill lies E., Peak and High Peak Hills W. Salcombe Hill is 497 feet high, High Peak, 513. *Ladram Bay* is a singularly picturesque spot, for the sandstone cliffs have been chafed and worn by the waves into quaintly jutting headlands pierced by natural arches. At low-water spring tides Ladram Bay may be reached by walking along the beach from Sidmouth, and passing under the great arch. Commonly a boat must be taken. The walk back may be by High Peak.

2. *Salter's Cross, Sidford,* and *Sidbury* are good destinations for inland walks. Sidbury is 3m. N. of Sidmouth. The ch. is interesting and contains Nor. work. The tower was Nor., but fell into such decay that it had to be rebuilt. The original design was followed, so that the appearance is the same. Sidbury Castle, a camp of large dimensions, is reached by a lane on the left near the two-mile stone on the Sidbury road. Blackbury Castle, Farway Castle, Hembury Fort, and other camps, may be conveniently visited from Sidmouth. On Broad Downs, between Sidmouth and Honiton, there are a number of barrows.

3. In continuation of the coast route from Seaton to Sidmouth [Sect. III.] it would be advisable to go by Otterton, Bicton, E. Budleigh, and Hayes, to Budleigh Salterton and Exmouth. The road to *Otterton* is over Peak Hill. Otterton ch. was rebuilt 1870, and close by are a few crumbling walls, all that remains of Otterton Priory. Otterton is 2½m. S.W. from Sidmouth. *Bicton Park* (Lady Rolle) has the finest arboretum in the county, and the gardens and grounds have long been noted for their beauty. There is no public day for Bicton, but Lady Rolle forwards admission tickets to applicants who are recommended by a friend. Bicton ch. is a modern structure, built at the cost of Lady Rolle, but part of the old ch. with the tower remains, converted into a family burial place. Bicton is about 2m. from Otterton.

East Budleigh, 1m. S.E. of Bicton, has a place in history.

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A mile W. of the village is *Hayes Barton*, a fine old gabled manor house, in which in 1552 the renowned Sir Walter Raleigh was born. It is a quaint building, very much now what it must have been in the days when Mistress Gilbert became the second wife of Raleigh's father, and, when in the spring of his fame, Sir Walter himself was desirous of purchasing it. East Budleigh ch. (partially restored) is well worth a visit. There is some good carving in bench ends and bosses; and a slab in the floor bears an inscription to the memory of Joanna Raleigh, the first wife of the elder Walter. There is a vague but incorrect tradition that Sir Walter's head was buried here. From Budleigh go on to Budleigh Salterton, 2m. [Sect. V.], and thence to Exmouth.

Railway Excursions.

V. EXETER TO EXMOUTH.

Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Exmouth.	Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Exmouth.
5½	Topsham	5½	8½	Lympstone	2½
7	Woodbury Road	3¾	10¾	Exmouth	

Time: 30min. *Fares:* (*single*) 1*s.* 9*d.*, 1*s.* 4*d.*, 10*d.*; (*return*) 2*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The branch of the London and South-Western Railway between Exeter and Exmouth follows for nearly the whole of its course the left bank of the Exe. Charming views may be had *en route* over the broad estuary, of the woods of Powderham and more distant Mamhead, and the plateau of Haldon in the background. The earlier part of the run from Exeter is not of special interest. Above Countess Weir, and on the left of the line, is *Weir House*, the seat of Sir J. T. B. Duckworth. This was the residence of the famous Admiral Duckworth, the hero of the Dardanelles, and two of the stone shot fired by the Turkish cannon when he forced the passage, adorn the pillars of the park gates. *Bishop's Court* (John Garrett, Esq.), higher up the hill, is an ancient residence of the bishops of Exeter, and contains an E. Eng. chapel, built by Bishop Bronescombe.

5 m. TOPSHAM. (Pop. 3121.) Inns: *Globe*, *Salutation*, Topsham lies where the little river Clyst, which gives its name to several parishes falls into the Exe. It is not a very

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lively town now, but once enjoyed considerable trade, and in the closing years of the 17th century was largely engaged in the Newfoundland fishery. The ch. has been almost wholly rebuilt (1877), and has little to interest. The churches of *Clyst St. George*, and of *Sowton*, one almost wholly rebuilt and the other entirely so, may be worth a visit. The vicar of the former, the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, has written a masterly book on the 'Church Bells of Devon,' which all campanologists should consult. At Topsham Sir William Follet was born. A ferry boat plies between Topsham and the canal.

7m. WOODBURY ROAD. The station is 2m. from the village, which gives its name to a special kind of lace, coarser than the Honiton. Between this and the next station, note on the l. *Nutwell Court*, Sir Francis Fuller Drake, representative through Thomas Drake, his brother, of the famous circumnavigator. Here is a notable portrait of Sir Francis.

8½m. LYMPSTONE. (Pop. 1013.) Inn: *Globe*. A pleasant fishing village, consisting mainly of one long street, reaching the Exe at a gap in the low red cliff line, and stretching away in the direction of Woodbury Common, which may be visited either from here—2m.—or Exmouth. There are old camp remains on Woodbury, and the views thence over the valley of the Exe are magnificent. Lympstone ch., the tower excepted, was rebuilt in 1864.

10¾m. EXMOUTH. (Pop. 6245.) Hotels: *Imperial, Royal Beacon, York, London, Dolphin, Beach, Railway*. A thriving watering place with a good beach and fine cliff walks. It was a seaside resort of some little reputation early in the last century; and grew up in the usual haphazard fashion. Of late years, however, great improvements have been made by the Rolle trustees, to whom most of the town belongs. Holy Trinity ch. was built in 1824 by the late Lord Rolle. The chief attraction of Exmouth itself is to be found in the views from the *Beacon*, far reaching alike over sea and shore, but there is no lack of pleasant rambles in the neighbourhood.

EXCURSIONS FROM EXMOUTH.

1. *Littleham* (2m.). The ch. has a screen; which will serve as an excuse for the walk, pleasant enough in itself, up the Littleham valley.

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2. *St. John in the Wilderness* (2m.). This is the name given to the old parish ch. of Withycombe Raleigh, partially demolished a century since, but still used for funeral services. In the churchyard lies Danby, the artist, who drew his inspiration chiefly from the glowing glories of the valley of the Exe.

3. *Bicton* is best reached from Sidmouth, but may be taken in a day's excursion from Exmouth, with Hayes Barton and East Budleigh [Sect. IV.].

4. Cross the ferry to the *Warren*, and walk to the other side of the Exe, a pleasant alternation to the rural rambles.

5. BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. (Pop. 1908.) Inn: *Rolle Arms*. Budleigh Salterton is easiest reached from Exmouth, 'busses running between that town and Budleigh in connection with the trains, every week day. The distance by the main road, which is not devoid of interest, is 5m. The pleasantest way to reach Budleigh from Exmouth is, however, to take the cliff road, skirting and not crossing Straight Point. Budleigh Salterton itself is one of the most charming corners in Devon; close to the mouth of the Otter, and not the less acceptable to those who want to sever their associations with everyday life in holiday time as much as possible, for its distance from the railway. It will be long ere the snort of the iron horse is heard here. Budleigh has special attractions to the geologist in its famous pebbles [Introduction—Geology].

Railway Excursions.

VI. EXETER TO PLYMOUTH (G.W.R.).

Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Plymouth.	Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Plymouth.
4¾	Exminster	48	38	Kingsbridge Road	14¾
8½	Starcross	44¼			
12¼	Dawlish	40½	41½	Ivybridge	11½
15	Teignmouth	37¾	43¾	Cornwood	9
20¼	Newton	32½	47	Plympton	4¾
29	Totnes	23¾	51¾	Mutley	1
35¾	Brent	17	52¾	Plymouth	

There are two G. W. stations at Exeter, St. David's and St. Thomas's. Time: (*exp.*) 1h. 50m.; (*ordinary*) 2h. 30m. *Fares:* (*single*) 11*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 10*d.*, 4*s.* 4½*d.*; (*return*) 19*s.*, 13*s.* 3*d.* *Refreshment Rooms: Teignmouth, Newton, Totnes, Ivybridge, Plympton.*

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The S. Devon section of the G. W. Railway is one of peculiar variety and charm; embracing river, sea, and moorland landscapes, in addition to the ordinary views. Fifty miles of more varied interest no English railway system possesses.

4¾m. EXMINSTER. (Pop. 1922.) Note the views of Exeter and the Cathedral, immediately after leaving St. Thomas. Exminster is a mere village, nearly opposite Topsham, and only of importance as the station for the County Lunatic Asylum, on the hill to the W. It may, however, be utilized as the starting point for some places of happier interest. *Shillingford* ch., 2½m. W., is Perp., and contains a brass to Sir W. Huddesfield, with that of his wife, 1500. In *Dunchideock* ch., 4½m. W., there is a very rich screen, and some old benches. *Haldon House* (Lord Haldon) stands on high ground and commands extensive views. The library contains some valuable county MSS. *Haldon* is a long ridge, nearly 7m. in length, about 2½m. in breadth, and 800 feet high. It is capped by greensand.

Shortly after leaving Exminster, the line debouches on the banks of the Exe. On the right see *Powderham* ch., close to the line, and *Powderham Castle*, the seat of the Earl of Devon. The castle stands in the midst of a noble wide-spreading park, well wooded with sturdy oaks, far down the glades of which the deer may be seen quietly browsing as the train rushes on its way. Much of the park is really what would be called in the North the "strath" of the Exe, by which it is partially bounded on the E.; and the castle itself lies low. Behind the castle, however, the ground rises rapidly, and on the most commanding eminence stands the *Belvidere*, a tower 60 feet high, erected a century since, for the sake of the glorious views which it commands. The historic Courtenays have held Powderham since the year 1325, when it came to Hugh, the second Courtenay Earl of Devon, by his marriage with Margaret, daughter of Humphry de Bohun. The castle was erected by Earl Hugh's son Philip; and the present edifice fairly indicates its general character. Of the six towers of the original building two remain, and portions of the walls of the old hall, which, however, has been divided. The chapel, long used as a barn, until restored to its original use by the present earl, likewise remains. The roof corbels are carved with heads. Beyond these features very little of the ancient building exists. The castle was modernized after the taste of the time in the last century, and important works have been carried out by the

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present noble owner, but in a far more restorative spirit. There are some good pictures at Powderham—the Duchess of Suffolk, ascribed to Holbein; Lady Courtenay and Lady Honywood, by Reynolds; Monk, Duke of Albemarle; and a large painting, attributed to Canon Peter, among the number. To visit Powderham, go to Starcross station. The castle may be seen when the family are not in residence (a flag is hoisted when they are at home), and at other times tickets for the grounds only are issued. Application should be made by letter two or three days previous to the intended visit, stating the number of the party, to the steward at Powderham Castle, by whom a card for admission will be forwarded by post. The hours are from 11 to 6; and there is no admittance on Sundays.

8½m. STARCROSS. (Pop. 767.) Inns: *Courtenay Arms*, *Railway*.

Starcross = Staircross, and is a place from which boats ply to Exmouth. It lies in the bight of the Exe, a little within the long, low bank of sand—the old river bar—known as the Warren. There are several interesting churches near Starcross. *Cofton*, 2m., is a small 12th century building, restored by the Earl of Devon in 1839, after it had lain waste for 70 years. *Kenton*, 1½m. N. (rest.), is a good Perp. ch., with screen, a hagioscope, and low side window. Powderham ch., 3m. N., is Perp.; and so is *Ashcombe*, 5m. S.W. A good walk would be from Starcross by the woods of Mamhead (Sir L. Newman), over Haldon to Chudleigh, 6m.

12¼m. DAWLISH. (Pop. 3997.) Hotels: *Royal*, *London*.

Soon after leaving Starcross, the line crosses the landward edge of the Warren (which is found very handy as a shooting range, though the attempt to breed oysters in its ponds has failed), and thence runs to Dawlish along the shore; the bright red cliffs on the one hand, and on the other the glancing sea, breaking in foamy ripples on the beach, and stretching away its wide expanse to the far horizon. This is a delightful variation in the ordinary course of railway scenery.

Dawlish attracts at first sight. A shallow coombe gently slopes to the sea. Midway it is occupied by a verdant lawn, through which the Dawlish Water flows, its course broken here and there by little weirs. On either side of the valley are the houses. Add to this a long stretch of bathing beach, with a special cove for gentlemen; and you have as pretty a little watering-place as one could wish to see. Dawlish ch. was rebuilt fifty years since, and all that need be said about

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it is that it contains two monuments by Flaxman. The modern ch. of St. Mark (Hayward, architect) and the Gothic Congregational chapel (Tarring) are more satisfactory. But the best example of ecclesiastical architecture in the neighbourhood is the private chapel at *Luscombe* (Mr. Hoare), erected from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott, the pillars of which are of Devonshire marble, and the carved seats of cedar. Luscombe is an enchanting domain, near the head of the Dawlish valley, beautifully laid out and planted.

A favourite walk from Dawlish is by the cliffs to Teignmouth, some 3m.; another is to the Warren, about the same distance; and a third course, which can be well recommended, is to make the ascent of Haldon. Dawlish beach, too, is a famous spot, not merely for bathing, but for a stroll.

The railway between Dawlish and Teignmouth runs wholly by the sea, tunnelling through some projecting headlands. Note the curious honeycomb weathering of some of the cliffs; and the picturesque outlines of the rocks, worn by the ever-fretting waves.

15m. TEIGNMOUTH. (Pop. 7100.) Hotels: *Royal, Devon, Railway, London.*

A summer resort and invalid winter residence of some note, prettily situated at the mouth of the Teign, with a capital beach, and a breezy promenade along the sea wall of the railway. Adjoining the beach is the Den, or Dune, a public lawn, on which some of the principal houses front; while the hills to the N. are studded with villas. The older part of the town is built on the old shingle bar of the river, which projects so as to shelter a convenient harbour. On the opposite side of the Teign is the village of Shaldon, approached by a wooden bridge, which had the reputation of being the longest in England. The bold, bluff headland on the S. of the river is called the Ness, and thus, carrying us back to days of Scandinavian descents, may be held by some to give colour to the tradition that it was at this Teignmouth, and not at Tynemouth in Northumberland (they are pronounced alike), that the Danes once landed. However, it is quite certain that in 1690 the French landed and sacked the town, burning 116 houses out of 300, and 11 ships. The damage done was reckoned at 11,030*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*, to be quite precise, and collections were made in chs. throughout the country to relieve the poor Teignmouthians' distress.

Technically and manorially the town is divided into E. and W. Teignmouth. There was a ch. at what is now East

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Teignmouth in Saxon times; and it is only some fifty years since that its venerable successor—a semi-castellated structure—was destroyed; and replaced by a modern abomination, in its turn swept away.

Walks and Excursions from Teignmouth.

1. Teignmouth is a capital *boating* station; and there is excellent sea-fishing to be had. When the tide is up it is a pretty enough trip by boat to Newton; but the best boat excursions are along the coast to Babbicombe or Torquay on the one hand, or to Dawlish on the other.

2. The walk by the cliffs to *Torquay* should be taken, if possible. The red cliffs here are more picturesque even than those between Teignmouth and Dawlish, with their fretted headlands and frequent coves. *Stoke-in-teignhead* ch., 3m. S., contains a fine brass of a priest without name or date, *circa* 1375.

3. *Bishop's Teignton*, at the foot of Little Haldon, is 2m. W. At Radway are the remains of an episcopal palace, built by Bishop Grandisson.

From Teignmouth, the line runs inland by the side of the pretty estuary of the Teign, on to the next station.

20½m. Newton. (Pop. 7662.) Hotels: *Globe, Commercial, Golden Lion, Union, &c. The junction for branches to Torquay and Dartmouth* [*Sect. VII.*] *and to Chudleigh and Moretonhampstead* [*Sect. VIII.*].

Newton is a modern development of the ancient towns of Newton Abbot and Newton Bushell, which the railway has made into an important centre. There is little of the antique left save in the part of the town most remote from the station, which still retains an old-fashioned aspect. Here in the middle of the street stands the tower of the demolished church of St. Leonard; and in front thereof is a stone pedestal, whereon, as the inscription testifies, Rector Reynell of Wolborough stood when he proclaimed, for the first time on English soil, William of Orange King of this realm. Newton has, therefore, one important historical association. Newton is properly in the parishes of Wolborough and Highweek, the churches of which are situated at a little distance. St. Leonard was a town chapel-of-ease to Wolborough, and has been replaced by a modern building. The ancient chapel-of-ease to Highweek, St. Mary, remains; but the only noteworthy feature is the carved decoration of the E. window. The modern ch. of St. Paul (Rowell, architect), erected by

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the Earl of Devon, to whom much of the property in Newton belongs, in 1859, is a handsome edifice on an excellent site. The Nonconformist chapels of Newton are, for the most part, of recent date, and display some taste. The handsomest is the Congregational—Gothic, with a tower.

A short distance from the town, on the Torquay road, is picturesque and historic *Ford House*, the ancient seat of the Reynells, which received Charles I. in 1625 and William of Orange in 1688. It was once the property of Waller, the Parliamentary General; and is an interesting Tudor edifice.

Walks and Excursions from Newton.

1. *Wolborough* ch., ¼m. S., and *Highweek* ch., 1m. N.W., though of little interest themselves, are worth visiting for the views which the roads command.

2. Geologists will find their account in visiting the limestone quarries of Ogwell. In the volcanic ash of Knowle Hill is found *Phacops lævis.*

3. The prettiest walk in the neighbourhood of Newton is up the *Bradley Valley*, through the Bradley Woods, and so on to E. Ogwell, while the return may be made along the Ogwell ridge. *Bradley House* is a capital example of an ancient fortified mansion. The buildings originally formed a quadrangle; but those N. and W. were pulled down in the last century and other portions added. The chapel, late 14th century, is very interesting; and there is some good carved work. The house is only ¼m. from Newton.

4. *Haccombe* ch., 2m. S.E. from Newton, is very interesting. The parish is a very small one, and contains simply Haccombe House, the seat of the Miss Carews, the rectory, and a farmstead. The rector is by right archpriest of Haccombe, which is said to confer on him the privilege of wearing lawn sleeves and ranking next after the bishop. The ch. dates from the 13th century, *circa* 1240, and contains some fine effigies of the Haccombes, with brasses of the Carews. There are a cross-legged effigy of Sir Stephen de Haccombe, the founder, a tomb with a recumbent female figure, 14th century, two figures on an altar tomb—probably Hugh Courtenay and Phillippa his wife. Of the Carews there are fine brasses, dating from the 14th century. There are also remains of an ancient tile pavement.

4. *Heytor* is 9m. from Newton; a fine drive.

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5. *Kingsteignton* is 1½m. N. from Newton. A curious wooden figure was found here a few years since, 25 feet below the surface, to which a religious origin has been assigned. The ch. is Perp. Here are the principal clay pits of the district.

Between Newton and the next station the line passes through a gorge of lime-rock, quarried and burnt for lime in kilns close by. Beyond this is the Daignton tunnel, whence there is a descent all the way to Totnes. Note Littlehempston ch. on the right. The Dart is crossed immediately before entering Totnes station.

29m. TOTNES. (Pop. 4089.) Hotels: *Seven Stars*, and *Seymour*. *Junction of Ashburton branch.* Totnes has been called the "Chester of Devon." *Piazzas* or "rows" line the older portions of the principal street, and in part date back to the 12th century. On the hill above the old town frowns the shell of the Nor. keep; scattered through the streets are several picturesque houses; and the massive tower of the ancient ch. rises red and stately, high on the hill-side down which the town stretches from the castle to the Dart. Totnes has claims to be regarded the oldest town in England! As all readers of Geoffrey of Monmouth know, Brutus, the Trojan, landed on "Totnes shore," and in the main street of Totnes you may see, if you will, the very stone on which he first set foot, a boulder, rising slightly above the pavement, half-way up the hill, which shows that the Dart must have sadly degenerated since those days. Brutus apart, however, Totnes is undoubtedly a place of very great antiquity, and may have been a Roman station. [Introduction, History.] It was a borough when Domesday was compiled, and its royal charters date back to King John.

Totnes Ch. is Perp., adjoining the Fore Street.

The noble tower, of red sandstone, was not built without due consideration, for the supervisors of the work took a view of the best bell towers in the district, and tried to combine all their excellencies. The ch. is very capacious, and consists of chancel, nave, aisles, and N. wing or transept. It has been recently restored, from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott. The appearance of the chancel was spoilt by a hideous quasi-Corinthian altar-piece, the gift of a tasteless Totnesian many years since. The great feature of the ch. is the noble stone screen, the finest in the county, which has undergone much-needed and wise restoration. The carving is bold, and there were still traces of the original florid colouring

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and gilding. The pulpit is of stone, matching the screen. The most notable tombs are those of Walter Smyth, three times mayor, 1555; and of Christopher Blackall and his wives. There is a curious arched passage in the churchyard at the N.E. angle of the chancel, the purpose of which has afforded plenty of scope for conjecture. It is really part of an older building (13th cent.?) than the ch., a portion of which was utilised as the chancel. N. of the ch. is the Guildhall, the quaintest which the march of improvement has left untouched in Devon. It retains the oaken stalls for the corporators, with the canopied seat of "Maister Mayor" in the centre. With some adjoining buildings it represents the Priory of St. Mary, founded by the once flourishing Judhael of Totnes.

In a room over the *E. gate* is a beautiful example of early Renaissance (French?) carving, a frieze bearing scrolls of conventional foliage, with animals and figures, and heads of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn as the central features of the composition. This E. gate crosses the Fore Street. The arch of the N. gate also remains near the Castle.

Over the Plains near the river is a monument to Wills, the Australian explorer, who was a native of the town. Kennicott the Hebraist, Ley the antiquary, and Brockedon, artist and inventor, were Totnesians also.

The shell keep of *Totnes Castle* is in a remarkably good state of preservation. It stands upon a lofty mound dominating the town, which may, as at Exeter, have been the site of a British hill-fort. The antiquity of Totnes favours this view. The Castle is late Nor., possibly the work of Judhael de Totnes, one of the chief recipients of land in Devon after the Conquest, but not improbably replacing Judhael's wooden strength a century or so later. It became the head of a great honour or barony. The keep is nearly 70 feet in internal diameter, and the walls about 12 feet high on the inside, the battlements rising 6 feet higher. Each alternate merlon is pierced with a deeply splayed arrow slit, except above the entrance, where two merlons are joined at an angle. Two stairs in the thickness of the wall ascended to the ramparts; and there is a chamber in the keep wall on the N., with a little passage leading thereto.

The entrance to the keep is on the N.; the base court, which was moated as well as walled, lying immediately below. The curtain walls connecting the base court with the keep are in tolerable preservation; but most of the other buildings have disappeared. The walls of the borough,

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portions of which still remain, and great part of which may still be traced, abutted on those of the Castle, which was partially exterior to them. The Castle is now the property of the Duke of Somerset, and the grounds are neatly laid out. Admission may be had by applying for the key at the house next the gateway. A small gratuity is expected.

Walks and Excursions from Totnes.

1. A very pretty walk in Totnes, but of course inferior in interest to the Castle, is on the *Island*, which adjoins the bridge, and has been tastefully laid out and planted by the Duke of Somerset.

2. *Sharpham*, 2m. S. from Totnes (R. Durant, Esq.), may be visited by permission. From the hall above the Gut [Sect. XIII.] the Dart appears like a chain of lakes.

3. *Little Hempston* ch. (rest.), 2m. N. from Totnes, Perp., contains a screen, and three effigies, one of a Crusader.

4. *Cornworthy*, 4m. S. Here was a Priory, of which little now remains but the gateway.

5. *Harberton*, 2½m. S.W. The rood screen in the ch. here is very rich in detail—one of the finest wooden screens in the county. Note also the pulpit.

6. *Dartington*, 1½m. N.W. from Totnes by the field path —a little more by the road. It will be advisable to go by one route and return by the other.

Dartington Hall (A. Champernowne, Esq.) is a singularly interesting mansion, originally consisting of two quadrangles. After the Conquest it became the head of a barony or honour. The old house was erected by John Holland, Duke of Exeter, half brother of Richard II. The existing plan is that of a large quadrangle, with a spacious hall on the S., and a dwelling-house W. of the hall, approached therefrom by a doorway from the dais. The hall is 70 feet by 40, unfortunately unroofed. The porch has a groined roof, on a boss in which is the badge of Richard II., the white hart chained. The windows of the hall were altered in the 16th century. Behind the dais is a very large fireplace.

The buildings of the quadrangle are rude in character, and either earlier in date than the great hall, or erected roughly in the first place to suit their purpose. "Most of the structure seems to have been intended either for farm-buildings on a very large scale, or as a sort of barracks for retainers, and

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the history would seem rather to indicate the latter." There are a number of small dwellings in two storeys, with external entrances, and no internal communication. The doorways are over each other, the upper approached by steps. Opposite the great hall is a building now used as a stable, which has been variously regarded as the original hall, superseded by the more magnificent structure across the quadrangle, or as a servants' hall. The inhabited portion of the hall was rebuilt in the time of Elizabeth. It contains some good pictures. In front of the house is a singularly quaint and beautiful terraced garden.

The Champernownes originally settled at Modbury, and the first Champernowne of Dartington was Sir Arthur. Old *Dartington Ch.* stood by the hall, but a new ch. (Pearson, archt.) has been erected in a more convenient situation, and the tower of the old fabric, its oldest part, alone remains.

7. *Berry Pomeroy.* The ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle are the most extensive in Devon. They are 2½m. from Totnes, and visitors are admitted every day except Sunday. A small gratuity has to be paid to the keeper, who will make provision for picnic parties. Go directly up hill from Bridgetown to True Street turnpike, take the road on the left to Berry, then keep straight on until the road again forks, and again keep to the left. The castle stands in the heart of thick woods, on a moderate eminence, girdled by loftier heights. The founder was Ralph de Pomeroy, one of the companions of the Conqueror. In the reign of Edward VI. the estate passed to Lord Protector Seymour, and Sir Edward Seymour built his spacious mansion within the quadrangle—a mansion so magnificent that it is said to have cost 200,000*l.*, and that, according to Prince, it was a day's work for a servant to open and shut the windows! The last occupant of the house was Sir Edward Seymour, the famous leader of the country party in the reign of James II. It is said to have been sadly damaged by a thunderstorm in 1685, and thenceforth was allowed to fall into decay, until it is but a mere ivy-mantled shell. Now by the failure of the elder branch, Berry is the property of the Duke of Somerset, who represents the younger line of the great house of Seymour. Dutch William remarked to haughty Sir Edward, "I believe you are of the family of the Duke of Somerset?" "Pardon me, Sir," was the reply, "the Duke of Somerset is of my family." Of the old castle the chief remains are Edwardian—the gateway, some walls, and Lady Margaret's Tower. The

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gateway is embattled, between two sturdy towers, and the entrance still retains the grooves of the portcullis. Over the gateway is a small room, commonly called the chapel, but probably a guard-room. Stairs lead thence to chambers on each side, and by a passage a stair to the top of W. tower is gained. Lady Margaret's tower is at the E. end of the rampart. Here Ellen de Pomeroy is said to have been confined by her sister through jealousy.

Berry Ch., Perp., contains monuments of the Seymours, and a good screen, which retains figures of saints and traces of the original gilding. At *Berry House* (J. Michelmore, Esq.) is a bedstead with a curious carving of Orpheus charming the beasts. Herein Jane Seymour is said to have slept. Prince, of the "Worthies," was vicar here.

35¾m. BRENT. (Pop. 1449). 1m. from Totnes, left is Follaton (R. Cary, Esq.). The Rattery incline and Marley tunnel, close by which is Marley house (the Miss Carews), lie between Totnes and Brent, a thriving village, which the railway has converted into one of the summer resorts of the Plymouth folk. The ch. is very interesting. The tower is Nor., and was evidently the central feature of a little cruciform structure, the S. transept of which remains, and is used as a vestry. The upper stages of the tower are E. Eng.; and it is at the W. of the present nave. The existing ch. is also cruciform, Dec. and Perp. There is a good late Nor. font. Brent Hill commands a fine view; and Dean Prior (Herrick's parish) is 3m. N.E., and may be taken in a walk to Ashburton or Buckfastleigh, 7m. (Sect. IX.). Ugborough Beacon, one of the Dartmoor frontier tors, is close to Brent. There are two Brents in S. Devon. This is S. Brent.

38m. KINGSBRIDGE ROAD.

A roadside station with a decent inn, high on the S. flank of the Dartmoor borderland. It is the station for Kingsbridge, 10m. distant, to and from which coaches run in connection with the principal trains (fares, 2*s.* outside; 3*s.* inside). The drives are very pleasant, especially that into Kingsbridge, the road being preponderatingly on the descent, and commanding extensive landscapes. By the station a road branches off right to *Ugborough* (1½m.), which comes prominently into view a little further on. The ch. is a fine one. The nave and aisles are Dec., the transepts Perp.; the tower early 16th century, and nearly 100 feet high. Some of the carving is noteworthy, and the pulpit is stone. A mile further on is *Fowellscombe*, once the seat of the

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Fowells, now neglected and fallen into decay, though it retains a fine avenue. About 4m. on the road the *Blackdown* ridge is crossed, and opens up a magnificent scene right away to the Channel. The Bolt Head and Tail, Start Point, some of the houses of Salcombe, the towers of Bigbury and Malborough chs. are all distinctly in view, and beyond the cliff line on a sunshiny day the waters brightly dance and shimmer. At Blackdown, on the right, is one of the "*Cold Harbours*" so frequent along the line of Roman roads. Three miles from Kingsbridge is the village of Loddiswell (ch. unimportant), shortly before reaching which the tower of Woodleigh ch. (which contains an Easter sepulchre) may be seen on the left. From Loddiswell the road descends sharply into the valley of the Avon, by the way a capital stream for salmon, along an almost perpendicular hill-side. *Churchstow* tower rises on the hill across the vale.

KINGSBRIDGE is a very attractive little town, with a wide, clean street of well-built houses, and, with Dodbrooke adjoining, contains a population of 2802. Hotels: *King's Arms*, *Anchor*, *Albion*. The town stands at the head of a little creek, known as Salcombe River, and a steamer plies between Kingsbridge and Salcombe [For Salcombe, see Sect. XV.] as the tide permits. Here the bibulous archæologist may revel in white ale, which has been traced to the thick ales of the middle ages, surviving now in S. Devon alone. Except in the interests of science, it had better be left untasted, or if it must be drank, eggs and nutmeg and warming will render it more palatable. The ch. is the only ancient building in the town worthy of note, save the quaint old grammar school of Crispin, now resuscitated. The ch. is a spacious edifice, with a central tower and spire, and in one of the tower piers a novelty in the shape of a glazed hagioscope—glazed because the aperture gave passage to an unpleasant draught. The ch. was built in 1414, but contains few monuments of interest save one by Flaxman, and the memorial of George Hughes, leader of the Puritan clergy of Devon, ejected from St. Andrew's, Plymouth, in 1662. The inscription is by his famous son-in-law, John Howe. At the town-hall is an interesting museum, the gift of Mr. Charles Prideaux. Kingsbridge is rather celebrated for its naturalists. Here lived Col. Montagu. Cookworthy, the potter, and Wolcot, "Peter Pindar," were born here. The climate is delightful, and citrons and oranges fruit regularly in the open air at Coombe Royal, one tree being two-and-a-half centuries old. *Dod-*

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brooke forms one town with Kingsbridge. Ch. (rest.) uninteresting.

[For the excursions of which Kingsbridge may be made the centre, see Sects. XV., XVI., XVII.].

41¼m. IVYBRIDGE. (Pop. 1820. Inn: *London.*)

At Ivybridge the railway leaps the valley of the Erme by a viaduct 150 feet high; and the traveller can see the river foaming over the rocks amidst the trees far down below. The ravine on the moorland side is one of the most attractive bits of river scenery in Devon. On the other hand, the eye ranges over some of the most fertile and fairest portions of the South Hams. At Ivybridge there is a large paper mill (Messrs. Allen's), which is commonly open to visitors; and the village possesses a Wesleyan chapel of singular beauty, erected at the sole cost of these gentlemen, and costing several thousand pounds. It is Gothic (Hine, architect), and was built without any restrictions either on questions of taste or of expense.

Ivybridge is largely visited in the summer for the sake of the delightful stroll up the valley of the *Erme*. This may be followed on to the open moor; or the river may be crossed at Harford Bridge to *Harford* village. In Harford ch., Perp., is a brass to the memory of Thomas Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons, 1502; and a brass for John Prideaux of Harford, his wife, seven sons, and three daughters. Harford was the native place of Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, who owed his rise in life to being disappointed in obtaining the post of parish clerk of the adjoining parish of Ugborough.

Ivybridge is the nearest station to the ancient market town of *Modbury* (Sect. XVI.) To drive go through Ermington; but there is a shorter cut through fields. Turn to the left by the Wesleyan chapel and inquire. *Ermington* ch. has a twisted spire. The tower is E. Eng., and the body of the ch. Perp. with Dec. features. This ch. has long been noted for the fact that the communion table stands tablewise, detached from the wall, and enclosed within a low balustrade. The Strachleigh brass is dated 1583.

43m. CORNWOOD. (Pop. 1080.) The ch. (rest.) has a trans. Nor. tower. This place is much frequented in summer on account of the beauty of the scenery in the neighbourhood, especially at *Awns and Dendles*, a picturesque succession of little waterfalls on the Yealm,

"Pride of our Austral vales."

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These are between 2 and 3m. from the station; and there are houses on the road where picnic parties will find such accommodation as they need. *Fardel*, now a farmhouse, was once the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. There are still considerable remains of the old building, including parts of the 13th cent. chapel. Fardel possessed an inscribed stone, now in the British Museum. It does not appear how far this change of site has influenced the veracity of the old legendary couplet current on the country side:

> "Between this stone and Fardel Hall
> Lies as much money as the devil can haul!"

The inscription is read—FANONI MAQVIRINI on one side, and on the other, SANGRANVI. And this is repeated in Ogham characters. Near Cornwood are *Blachford*, the seat of Lord Blachford; *Delamore* (Admiral Parker), and *Slade* (J. Pode, Esq.), an ancient house with some fine flamboyant carving. The station lies between two viaducts, from each of which picturesque peeps of Dartmoor may be enjoyed. Between Cornwood and the next station, Plympton, on the Hemerdon incline, there are, on the right, *Hemerdon* (Mrs. Woollcombe), and *Beechwood* (Lord Seaton); and nearer Plympton, the fair woods of *Newnham* (Miss Strode).

47m. PLYMPTON. (Pop. 4575.) Inns: *George* and *Plymouth*, Ridgway; *London*, Plympton Erle. There are two Plymptons: *Plympton St. Mary* and *Plympton Erle*. In the former are the villages of Colebrook, Underwood, and Ridgway. The latter is a borough of great antiquity, disfranchised by the Reform Bill of 1832; and nearly 1m. from the station. Plympton St. Mary ch. is close by the railway, from which its fine Perp. tower, 108 feet high, is a conspicuous object. The ch. consists of chancel, nave, N. and S. aisles, and extra aisles, not parallel with each other, on both N. and S. Over the S. porch is a parvise. The E. chancel window is Dec., the body of the ch. Perp.; but some of the buttresses have been considered to show traces of E. Eng. work. The sedilia and piscina are Dec. The chief monuments are of the Strodes, a family in the male line extinct. William Strode, one of the "five members" whom Charles I. went to the House of Commons to seize, was of the Newnham stock. There is an altar tomb to Richard Strode, 1464; and a mural monument in alabaster, with effigies, of Sir William. Strode and his two wives, 1632.

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Hard by the ch. stood the great *Augustinian Priory* of Sts. Peter and Paul, founded by Bishop Warelwast, nephew of the Conqueror, on an older Saxon foundation, and which became so wealthy that its revenues at the dissolution were valued at 912*l.* 12*s.* 8*d.* The only important remains of the Priory now existing are a Nor. cellar, with an E. Eng. refectory over. The arch of the fine Nor. doorway of the cellar is formed of alternate voussoirs of grey and green stone. The cellar is 61 ft. 6 in. by 14 ft. within, stone arched, and lighted on the S. by four small windows. The masonry is of great thickness, and on the N. side and E. end contains a passage. The refectory is almost perfect, with the original fire-place, windows, and roof. The kitchen, a detached building of the 15th century, is also in good preservation. There are a few vestiges of the cloisters; and the orchard adjacent is said to be the oldest in England, though there are other claimants to this honour. Remains of the ch. have been found therein.

Plympton Erle was a chartered borough from 1241 down to 1859, when the charter was allowed to lapse. Up to 1832 it returned two members to Parliament. The remains of the old castle are interesting, though they consist, in addition to the earthworks, merely of a fragment of the walls of a Nor. shell keep, built by Baldwin de Redvers. He took the side of Matilda against Stephen, but his garrison at Plympton proving traitors the castle was surrendered and demolished, and from that date, 1136, has remained a ruin. The earthworks are of much earlier date than the castle, certainly Keltic, and possibly in part Roman. Within the past three centuries the upper waters of the Plym estuary were navigable to the castle. Close by, as the name Ridgway indicates, ran the ancient road into Cornwall, and Plympton is one of the sites suggested for the station Tamara.

The old *grammar school* should be visited. It is a remarkably good 17th century Gothic building, with a striking cloister. In the schoolmaster's house, hard by, removed not many years since, then occupied by his father, was born the greatest of English portrait painters, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*; and here not only he, but Northcote, Haydon, and Eastlake, received part, at least, of their education.

The screen of Plympton St. Maurice ch. has been rest. The old stone base of the pulpit in the S. arcade remains.

The walks to *Newnham* and to *Plym Bridge* are among the pleasantest in the vicinity of Plympton. Plympton is the most convenient station for *Lee Moor*. [See Intro.]

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51¼m. MUTLEY. This is merely a suburb of Plymouth, which has two other stations, in the *North Road* and at *Millbay*, the latter the terminus of the S. Devon and Cornwall lines. Nearly a mile from Plympton is the junction of the Tavistock branch, and the line thence runs along the Laira, the estuary of the Plym, with the woods of *Saltram* (Earl Morley) on the opposite bank.

[For Plymouth, &c., see Sect. XI.]

Railway Excursions.

VII. NEWTON TO TORQUAY AND DARTMOUTH.

Distance from Newton.	Station.	Distance from Dartmouth.	Distance from Newton.	Station.	Distance from Dartmouth.
2	Kingskerswell	12½	10¾	Churston	3¾
5¼	Torre	9¼	10¼	Kingswear	¼
5¾	Torquay	8¾	14½	Dartmouth	
8	Paignton	6½			

Time: 1h. *Fares:* (*single*) 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 5*d.*, 1*s.* 4½*d.*; (*return*) 6*s.* 3*d.*, 4*s.* 3*d.*

[See Sect. VI. for line from Exeter to Newton.]

This is one of the most charming portions of the S. Devon line. For miles it follows the noble sweep of Torbay.

2m. KINGSKERSWELL. (Pop. 960.) This some-time village, midway between Newton and Torquay, serves in some sort as a kind of suburb to both, and contains many villas. The ch., close by the station, is chiefly Perp. There are three effigies within, a knight, probably Sir John Dinham, *temp.* Richard II., and two ladies. The tower of *Coffinswell* ch., 1m. E., has been described as late Nor. or very E. Eng.

5¾m. TORQUAY. (Pop. 24,765.) Hotels: *Imperial, Royal, Queen's, Victoria and Albert, Atkinson's, Cumper's, Osborne, Jordan's Temperance, Union, Commercial*, and many others, with an abundance of lodging-houses and furnished residences of all classes. Light refreshments in all the principal thoroughfares.

Cab fares for time are: Vehicle for two persons, 2*s.* an hour; for more than two, 3*s.* By distance: Vehicle for two, 1*s.* for first mile, 1*s.* 6*d.* for two miles, 4*d.* each half-mile afterwards; for more than two, 1*s.* 6*d.* for the first mile, 2*s.* for two miles, 6*d.* each half-mile afterwards.

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Torquay has two stations, about ½m. apart. The nearest to Newton is called Torre; the further, Torquay. In Devonshire, Torquay is always regarded as *the* queen of watering-places, nor are its inhabitants inclined to admit of any rival claims. They will hear none of Scarborough, still less of Brighton. And it must be confessed that, alike in the beauty of its site, the mildness of its climate, and the charm of its surroundings, Torquay can hold its own against all comers. Torquay has sprung into existence as a watering-place entirely within living memory; and is now said, in proportion to its population, to be the wealthiest town in England. There is a small but well-provided business nucleus; and an extensive suburban area, shading off by degrees into the country proper, and standing upon as many hills as Rome. The main thoroughfare, dignified in part with the name of Fleet Street, and terminating at a true Strand, follows the course of a valley which runs from the high land at Marychurch, through a narrow gorge, down to the harbour. There are other valleys on either side, and gentle coombes and precipitous hills diversify the landscape on every hand. The great limestone cliffs are scarped and terraced in all directions; and, high and low, the white houses gleam from the luxuriant foliage in which they are embosomed. Seen from some well-chosen eminence, under a glowing sky, Torquay is more like a domain in fairy land than any portion of this work-a-day world. Truth to tell, there is a good deal of the lotos-eaters about many of its inhabitants. They live to live; and in the balmy atmosphere of Torquay, so genial even in its winter aspects that the Laureate might have taken it as the type for his valley of Avilion:—

> "Where falls no hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
> Deep meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard lawn,
> And bowery hollow crowned with summer sea"—

Life even to the invalid can be very pleasant. And for the more actively disposed there are boating and yachting (for, thanks to the new pier built by the late Lord Haldon—lord of one part of Torquay, as Mr. Cary is of the other—Torquay is rapidly rising into eminence as a yachting station), and an almost infinite variety of pleasant strolls. They must be hard to please who cannot find pleasure on the noble waters of Torbay, or among the coves and the beaches, the brakes and the dingles, which line the ruddy range of cliffs, stretch-

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ing far away to the Teign. The peculiar character of the site of Torquay gives it the advantage of a wide range of aspects, and it may fairly be added of climates too, and the invalid may choose between the breezy hill-top and the sheltered valley, the sea air and the balmy breath of the garden and the hedgerow.

Tormohun is the mother parish of Torquay. Torre ch. is a plain Perp. structure (rest.). The other chs. are all of modern date. St. Mary Magdalene, E. Eng., St. Mark and St. Matthias, are by Salvin; St. Luke, Geo. Dec., is by Blomfield. The largest organ in any parish ch. in Devon is at St. Mary. St. John is a noble E. Eng. ch., by Street, in a commanding situation immediately above the harbour. This is one of the best examples of modern Gothic in the county. The old ch. at St. Mary Church, which may now fairly be regarded as a part of Torquay, was rebuilt a few years since: and the tower has also been rebuilt as a memorial to the late Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Phillpotts, who, with his wife, lies buried in the churchyard. The style is Early Dec. (Hugall, architect.)

Several of the other places of worship at Torquay are of considerable architectural excellence: the Roman Catholic ch. at Marychurch (Hanson, architect), the Independent and Wesleyan chapels (Rowell, architect), at Torquay, among the number. Torquay has few antiquities. There is a quaint little chapel on the top of the hill above Torre station, dedicated to St. Michael, with a solid stone vault. Of the great Premonstratensian house of *Tor Abbey*, founded 1196, by William Lord Brewer, there are some interesting remains connected with the Tor Abbey of modern days (R. S. S. Cary, Esq.). The ruins of the ecclesiastical portion of the edifice are N. of the house, which is comparatively modern. On the S. of the gateway is a fine old 13th century building, known as the Spanish Barn, because therein were quartered a number of Spaniards saved from the wreck of one of the vessels of the Armada, lost on the coast near Hope [Sect. XV.]. Under the modern house are some very interesting crypts, the character of which was first clearly ascertained in the course of some works of restoration carried out in 1874. One of the crypts was the ancient refectory, subsequently used as a chapel.

Torquay has manufactures, but they are such as befit the place. A good deal is done in the way of working up the famous Devonshire marbles, of which Petitor furnishes a richly varied supply; and the fossil varieties of which com-

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monly pass under the name of Madrepore. Torquay, too, is the seat of the manufacture of the finest *Terra-cotta* ware now produced. This is made from a deposit of clay at Watcombe, by a couple of companies, the Watcombe and the Torquay. The products are of a very high degree of artistic excellence; and the works are open to the inspection of visitors. The Torquay Natural History Society has a capital museum, wholly local.

Walks and Excursions from Torquay.

1. *Daddy Hole Plain.* This is a little limestone plateau overlooking the bay, in which a curious chasm occurs—the "Hole." Daddy is in all probability an elegant synonym for the evil one. The plain may be reached either by Park Crescent or Park Place, or over the Beacon. There is a fine view from Park Hill, opposite Park Place. Daddy Hole is really within the limits of Torquay itself.

2. *Anstey's Cove and Babbicombe.* The nearest road to Anstey's Cove is from the Strand up Torwood Row, by the Public Gardens, and so on to St. Matthias ch., whence a lane on the right leads to the cove. There is no difficulty about the road, because the local authorities have been bountiful in directorial provision for the benefit of strangers. Anstey's Cove is enclosed between two high cliffs of limestone, in part curiously broken, and has a charming little dingle at its head, where the wild clematis flourishes in the most luxuriant profusion. Boats may be had at the cove, but it should rather be visited for the sake of its own wild beauty; and the tourist who has plenty of time may be recommended, instead of taking the direct road, to follow on that by the coast from Daddy Hole. Not far from Anstey's Cove, at *Ilsham*, is the old grange of Torre Abbey, in tolerable preservation. The road to the right, immediately on leaving the cove, leads to *Babbicombe.* This was not long since a little seaside village; but the attractions of its fine beach of limestone shingle and of its glorious Down have been too much for its simplicity, and it is now a Torquay in miniature. The view from the Down, a long strip of which above the cliffs is carefully preserved for the public good, is one of the finest in Devon. The whole sweep of the coast is visible right away to Dorset, while in the far distance the Isle of Portland may occasionally be descried. Near at hand the cliffs are of the rich red sandstone, rugged and broken, point beyond point, cove within cove, and contrasting in colour

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most happily with the deep blue of the sea, the rich verdure that clothes their less precipitous flanks, and the white sparkles of the foam. Not far away are the villas of Teignmouth; more distant still Dawlish appears; next Exmouth stands prominently out; and then, as the coast rapidly trends away, come the peaks that mark the nestling-spot of Sidmouth, beyond which suddenly gleams forth the white lustre of the chalk cliffs of Beer. No one has seen Torquay who has not paid a visit to Babbicombe. The return to Torquay may either be made by Marychurch, or up a steep lane and through fields over Warberry Hill. The view from Warberry is one of the finest in the neighbourhood of Torquay; and it is far from the least pleasant route by which to go to Babbicombe. If it is desired to go through Marychurch, independently of the direct road, which is by the ch. of St. Mary Magdalene, either of the roads on the left of the main thoroughfare leading from Torre station to that ch. will conduct thither, and nearly all have some special feature of interest.

3. *Cockington.* It is a very pleasant walk to the little village of Cockington, with its charming little ch. (rest.) A lane on the right, just beyond Livermead House, leads from the Paignton Road up a pretty valley by Cockington Court to the village. There is a choice of roads back.

4. *Compton Castle.* This is reached through Cockington. It is an ancient fortified house, once belonging to the Gilberts, several of whose monuments will be found in the little ch. of *Marldon.* Compton Castle, though fallen from its former estate, and now merely a farmhouse, should be visited. The gateway with a room over, and the chapel, are still tolerably intact. Note the many curiously machicolated projections for defence over the various openings. The castle is 4m. from Torquay.

5. *Kent's Hole.* This should be a scientific excursion. The cavern occupies a small wooded hill exclusively of Devonian limestone, about a mile E. of Torquay harbour, half a mile N. of Torbay, and a quarter of a mile W.S.W. of Anstey's Cove. It consists of two parallel divisions, an eastern and a western, each containing a series of chambers and passages, and throwing off lateral branches, some of which are of very considerable length and very tortuous. The entrances (two) open directly into the eastern division, which has been completely explored. The exploration of the western division is not complete. A succession of seven

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deposits is recognized. The first consists of fragments of limestone, and next comes a black mould, the remains in which are those of species still existing. The cave earth (3), granular stalagmite (4), and black band (5), have yielded bones of the hyæna (which made the cavern its home), rhinoceros, gigantic Irish deer, red deer, bison, wild bull, mammoth, badger, cave bear, grizzly bear, brown bear, cave lion, fox, reindeer, *Machairodus latidens* (the great sabre-toothed tiger); glutton, and man. In the crystalline stalagmite (6) and the breccia (7) the remains, with the exception of a few feline teeth, are only of bears. Hence in the life history of Kent's Cavern, the time of the deposition of the cave earth, with that of the granular stalagmite and the black band, is called the Hyænnine Period; that of the crystalline stalagmite and the breccia, the Ursine Period. Relics of man's handiwork have been found in both series of deposits. The flint and chert implements of the Hyænnine Period are ovoid and lanceolate; and there have also been found bone implements in the cave earth, including a needle and harpoons. The implements of the Ursine Period, much more rudely formed, are exclusively of flint and chert. Mr. Pengelly has not only collected everything that has been written with regard to Kent's Hole, but has drawn up the reports to the British Association of the results of the recent exploration, which he and Mr. E. Vivian have superintended [See Introduction Geology]. The guide, G. Smerdon, attends at the cavern between 10 and 5; or at other times may be seen at his residence, 2, Happaway Place. Fee: 1 to 3 persons, 1*s.* 6*d.*; above that number, 6*d.* each.

8m. PAIGNTON. (Pop. 4610.) Hotels: The *Gerston, Esplanade, Crown and Anchor, Parkfield.* This is a rapidly growing watering-place in the innermost recess of Torbay. It has not the cliffs nor the picturesque surroundings of Torquay, but it has quieter charms of its own, and not the least of its advantages is a wide-stretching expanse of sands. The aspect is S. and the climate very genial. Paignton ch. is in the main Perp., but in the W. wall of the tower is a fine late Nor. doorway. The chief feature of the interior is the Kirkham chantry, which has a richly decorated stone screen of tabernacle work—late Perp.—enclosing effigies of the Kirkham family. Note the tower of the ancient *episcopal palace* of the bishops of Exeter, in which, according to tradition, Miles Coverdale translated the Bible.

10¾m. CHURSTON. (Pop. 731.) This is a mere village, and the station only noteworthy as the junction of the

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little branch line to the famous fishing port of Brixham. This line is but two miles long, and was made independently. Short as the run is, it commands some charming glimpses of Torbay; and the views from the terminus on Furzeham Common, high above the town, are very fine. Half-way to Brixham the line crosses the "main thoroughfare" of Churston village, and the little ch. is seen on the left. Churston gives title to one of the branches of the Buller family as Baron Churston, his lordship's seat, Lupton House, being in the parish.

13m. BRIXHAM. (Pop. 5363.) Hotels: *Bolton, Queen's;* several inns near the harbour. The railway station completely overlooks Brixham, which occupies portions of three valleys and the slopes of four hills. It is nominally divided into two parts, Upper and Lower Brixham. Upper Brixham is the original village, about a mile inland; Lower Brixham is Brixham proper, which first took being as Brixham Quay. Nestling close in the ravines which terminate in its snug harbour, Brixham can boast little of its constituents. Streets irregular; buildings in the main unarchitectural, and including the most hideous ch. in Devon; it rarely loses its "ancient and fish-like smell." But it has its notable features. There are more "lords and ladies of the manor" here, than in any other town in England, arising from the fact that the manor was long since parted into shares, one of which has been again and again subdivided and redivided among the fisher folk, who now constitute the "Quay Lords." As a fishing station Brixham is unrivalled. Its boats are at home in all weathers and in all waters from the North Sea to the Scilleyan archipelago. And it was at Brixham there landed, on the memorable fifth of November, 1688, "William the Deliverer." On Brixham Pier there is a rude memorial of that day, and an inscription which sets forth how "On this stone and near this spot, William Prince of Orange first set foot." Local tradition avers that William was carried on shore through the rolling tide in the arms of a "stuggy little man" (stuggy is good Devonian for "thick-set"), and there is still current this model address of the inhabitants to their future king in response to the inquiry whether he was welcome.

"And bless your majesty, King William,
You be welcome to Brixham Quay,
To eat buckhorn and drink bohea
Along with we;
And bless your majesty, King William."

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Brixham possesses large limestone quarries, iron mines, mineral paint works; and a notable bone cave, the latter situated on Windmill Hill, three minutes' walk from the "Bolton," and opened daily to visitors by its proprietor, Mr. Philp. It was discovered by him in 1858, and, a grant having been made by the Royal Society, was thoroughly explored under the superintendence of Mr. Pengelly, in 1858–9. It contained bones of the mammoth, tichorine rhinoceros, horse, the greater and the lesser fossil ox (*bos primigenus* and *longifrons*), red deer, reindeer, roebuck, cave lion, cave hyæna, cave bear, grizzly bear, and brown bear; and several flint implements of palæolithic type.

Berry Head is somewhat over a mile from the town. The road to the right of the harbour leads direct to the Head. At Berry Head the Romans had a large camp, defended by a vallum stretching across the neck of the promontory. This vallum was destroyed at the commencement of the century, when two large forts were erected here. The new ramparts, now in ruins, followed the old line, and thus reproduced the features of a class of fortifications well known in Cornwall as cliff castles. The Roman camp gave its name to the headland, as a British camp did to that of Pendennis, near Falmouth: Berry or Bury Head, and Pen-dinas, being Saxon and Keltic equivalents. At Berry Head is a cavern called the *Ash-hole*, in which numerous relics of Roman occupation have been found. The view from the headland is very fine, embracing the full sweep of Torbay on the one hand, and the broken coast line towards the mouth of the Dart on the other.

A good walker will be repaid by making his way to Kingswear for Dartmouth round by the cliffs; but there are many ups and downs, and the 7m. are quite equivalent to a dozen of ordinary road. If this prospect should daunt him, the road leading away from the Head on the W. will conduct him to Upper Brixham, whence the road to Kingswear, 4m., is a very good one, rising moderately half the distance and falling the other.

The ch. of *Upper Brixham* is a spacious edifice, consisting of chancel, nave, aisles, transepts, and tower—very massive, originally Dec., and long standing much in need of the restorer, to clear away the galleries and complete the work commenced in the chancel. The ch. is built of red sandstone, but was sadly disfigured by rough-cast. Among the monuments is one to Judge Buller, who was buried in Gray's Inn.

There are some fine views upon the way to Kingswear;

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and if, when within a mile or so of the latter place, the left-hand road is taken, instead of the more direct, and the first turning to the right subsequently, it will bring the tourist to the upper part of Kingswear, where he will enjoy commanding views of Dartmouth, the river, with Greenway in the distance and Dartmoor beyond, and the castled harbour mouth.

14½m. KINGSWEAR. (Pop. 274.) Hotel: *The Royal Dart Club*, communicating with the station. The Torbay railway terminates on the bank of the river; and passengers are transferred to and from Dartmouth, by a large steam ferry-boat, which does not run on Sundays. As there are other boats, and a floating bridge, which takes vehicles, there are however ample facilities for crossing the river at all times. Kingswear is now a transfluvial suburb of Dartmouth, with many pleasant villas. The ch. is immediately above the station, Dec., and mainly rebuilt, the tower excepted. On the crest of the hill are the earthworks of Mount Ridley, a post of importance during the Civil Wars.

14½m. DARTMOUTH. (Pop. 5580.) Hotels: *Castle, King's Arms, Commercial.*

The Dart, like many another river, has been called "the English Rhine." Dartmouth is much more like a Rhenish town; the quaintest, most picturesque, most mediæval in its aspect in all broad Devon. It yet answers to the comical description of Prince, penned nearly two centuries since. "The town is situated on the side of a very steep hill, which runneth from E. to W. a considerable length of near a mile, whereby the houses as you pass on the water seem pensil and to hang along in rows, like galleypots in an apothecary's shop, for so high and steep is it that you go from the lower to the upper part thereof by stairs, and from the top requires no less—in some places many more—than a hundred." Nor is it less true now than it was a hundred years since, when Gilpin "did" Devon in search of the picturesque, that the estuary on which Dartmouth stands "is one of the most beautiful scenes on the coast . . . Its banks are its great beauty, which consist of lofty wooded hills, shelving down in all directions." Dartmouth is one of the little Western ports which built up England's naval fame. Many a long year has passed since it first made its mark in English history. It was the rendezvous in the 12th century of a crusading fleet; and the contingent of 31 ships and 757 men which it sent to the famous siege of Calais was exceeded only by Fowey and

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Yarmouth. Chaucer bears testimony to its fame in the remark concerning his "Shippeman."

"For ought I wotte he was of Dertemouthe."

Early in the 15th century, chiefly by the valour of its women, it repelled an invasion of the Bretons. It held its own well in the days of Elizabeth. Lovable John Davis, the navigator, was born at Sandridge, close by. Greenway was the seat of the Gilberts—Sir Humphry and Sir Adrian, Raleigh's half-brothers—and claims the honour of having been the scene of the astonishment of Raleigh's servant at the smoking of the first pipe of tobacco burnt in England. Dartmouth was besieged and captured by Fairfax in 1646. Later in that century it was the birthplace of Newcomin, the inventor of the first thoroughly practical working steam engine. West-countrymen are proud of the fact that to Newcomin, of Dartmouth, the world owes the stationary steam engine; and to Trevithick, of Illogan, the locomotive. Relics of Newcomin's house have been wisely preserved in Newcomin Cottage by Mr. Lidstone.

St. Saviour ch. is a fine structure, but stands sadly in need of preservative restoration. The tower indeed is in such a condition that it is considered dangerous to ring the bells. Every year this really notable fabric looks more forlorn. It was consecrated in 1372, and consists of chancel, nave, aisles, transepts, and tower. The screen, oak, is very beautiful; the pulpit of stone more ornate than tasteful, but very curious. The altar-piece, by Brockedon, represents the "Raising of the Widow's Son." See also the Hawley brass, depicting John Hawley, the builder of the chancel, clad in knightly armour, between his two wives. The Staplehill brass is 17th century. A couple of grotesque figures in ironwork on the south door, with the date 1631, should be seen. The figures are probably older.

Townstall or St. Clement, the mother ch. of Dartmouth, stands on a hill about a mile from the town. It is cruciform, and of 13th century date, and, like St. Saviour, calls loudly for a restoring hand. It contains a good canopied tomb.

St. Petrox ch., by the castle at the mouth of the harbour, is a small building, of little interest. A brass to John Roope is dated 1609. Altogether the churches of Dartmouth do not give one the impression that its religious activities have been well directed. In the Independent chapel is a monument to Flavel, the eminent Nonconformist divine, who was ejected here.

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There are several old fortifications in and near Dartmouth. The *Castle* proper, reached in about a mile by a walk overlooking the harbour, is mounted with modern guns. In the older part may be seen the provision for the chain which, in time of danger, was stretched across the harbour mouth. On the opposite side of the harbour is *Kingswear Castle*, which belongs to C. Seale Hayne, Esq. There are also Bearscove Castle, in Dartmouth, and Gomerock Castle, on the Kingswear side, both in ruins.

The *Butterwalk* ranks among the principal examples of ancient domestic architecture in Dartmouth, though by no means the oldest. It is a row of houses projecting over a piazza, built between 1635–40 by one Hayman, for himself and his spinster daughters. There is a good deal of grotesque carving on the corbels and posts—monster fish, lizards, unicorns and mermaids, Indian faces and flowers. There is, too, some fine plaster work on the ceilings, and of the elaborate oaken carvings which adorned the principal rooms there are still some remains.

Walks and Excursions from Dartmouth.

1. The readiest are to Townstall ch., and round by *Mount Boone* (Sir H. P. Seale); to the castle at the harbour mouth; or by ferry to Kingswear, and so on by Brookhill to the mouth of the harbour on that side.

2. For a longer walk ascend the hill behind the castle to Gallants' Bower, which commands the whole harbour, and follow on the cliffs to Stoke Fleming. The ch. (rest.) still retains some of its original Dec. features. Here is the oldest brass in the county, to John Corp, 1361, also to Elyenore (Corp?), 1381. An effigy of a lady is older still, *circa* 1310. Close by the ch. are some remains of a Nor. manor house. Stoke Fleming is 2½ m. from Dartmouth by the regular road, but rather more by the route here suggested.

3. A coach runs daily between Dartmouth and Kingsbridge, passing Slapton Sands [Sect. XVI.].

4. Then there is the steamer or boat-trip up the *Dart* to Totnes [Sect. XIII.]. A short distance above the town is the 'Britannia' training ship for naval cadets. The usual boat hire is 1*s.* per hour.

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Railway Excursions.

VIII. NEWTON TO CHUDLEIGH AND MORETONHAMPSTEAD.

Distance from Newton.	Station.	Distance from Moreton.
2½	Teigngrace	9¾
3¾	Heathfield (Junction for Chudleigh)	8½

Distance from Newton.	Station.	Distance from Moreton.
6	Bovey	6¼
8½	Lustleigh	3¾
12¼	Moreton	

Time, 40m. *Fares: (single)* 2*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.*; *return*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Exeter to Newton, see Sect. VI.

This branch offers the strongest contrast in its scenery to that to Torquay and Dartmouth. Each is equally charming in its way, and both should be enjoyed. The Moreton line on leaving Newton follows up the valley of the Teign until it takes a course of its own among the hills.

2½m. TEIGNGRACE. A little roadside station, with the ch. close by, a plain but somewhat pretentious building with a spire, built in 1787, by three brothers of the old Devonshire family of Templer; then of Stover. This estate, 1m. from the station, is now the seat of the Duke of Somerset, Lord Lieutenant of the county. Stover lake is a favourite resort of skaters. Teigngrace is about 4m. from Chudleigh, and the walk is not without interest.

3¾m. HEATHFIELD. Junction of Teign Valley Branch through Chudleigh to Ashton, which may best be dealt with as part of the present route. There are only three stations —Chudleigh, Trusham, and Ashton—on the 6m. run.

CHUDLEIGH. (Pop. 2042.) Inn: *Clifford Arms*. Two-thirds of Chudleigh were burnt in 1807, and there is little in the town itself to interest, though the ch. has some noteworthy features. The tower is of the 13th century. There is a screen with figures of apostles and prophets. A few remains of the old episcopal palace are still to be seen, but are not worth the trouble; and so far as Chudleigh is concerned, *Chudleigh Rock* and its caverns are the real lions. The rock is a bold crag of limestone, with the river brawling in a gorge around its base. There are two caves, *Chudleigh Cavern* and the *Pixies' Hole*. The former is under lock and key, and application for admission must be made at the inn hard by. It contains stalactites. The latter is one of the

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oldest and best known caves in Devon. The entrance, midway of the rock, is reached by a steep pathway. The cave is 10 to 12 feet wide and 135 feet long. The chief chamber is 12 feet by 39 feet, and about 50 feet high. Out of this branches the "pixies' parlour." This cave has yielded remains of the rhinoceros, cave bear, and red deer. By all means ascend the rock for the sake of the view.

Ugbrook Park, the seat of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, is a mile from the town, and 7m. in circuit. The most venerable guide to the district says, and truly, "While other admired seats in its vicinity derive their brightest charms from distant prospects, Ugbrook contains all within itself, wood, water, rock, and unevenness of surface." The approach to the house lies through the most picturesque part of the park. There is little to notice in the house architecturally; but it contains some fine Lelys, and three notable pictures by Titian ("The Woman taken in Adultery"); Guido (a Magdalen); and Vandyck ("The Tribute Money"). The house is not shown, but Lord Clifford allows visitors to ride, drive, or walk through the park on leaving their names and addresses at the lodge.

The Teign Valley line, as its name implies, follows the course of the Teign, and opens up most picturesque scenery. TRUSHAM (209), the next station to Chudleigh, is a mere village. The ch., Perp. chiefly, has some curious monuments. ASHTON (250) is another small village. The ch. contains some good bench ends. N. lies Doddiscombesleigh, the ch. of which has an E. Dec. chancel and good glass. Bridford ch., N.W., has a Dec. chancel and good Perp. screen. Christow ch., also N.W., chiefly Perp., has a late Nor. doorway. It is proposed to extend the Teign Valley line to Exeter.

Canonteign, in Christow, is the seat of Viscount Exmouth. The old mansion, stormed by Fairfax, has met the common fate of so many old manor houses in Devon, and is now occupied by a farmer.

6m. BOVEY TRACEY. (Pop. 2133.) Inns: *Union*, *Dolphin*. The chief interest of this little town lies in the delightful scenery of which it is the centre; the scientific attractions of the lignite and associated deposits on the Heathfield [See Introduction—Geology]; and its potteries, which have been established over a century, and are the most extensive in the West of England.

Bovey ch. (rest.) is a spacious building, Perp., with the exception of the tower, which is Dec. The screen and stone

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pulpit are admirable. The panels of the screen are filled alternately with figures of apostles and prophets; and on the pulpit are figures of the evangelists and saints. There is a cenotaph to the memory of Elize or Elizeus Hele, the great educational benefactor of Devon, who died in 1636. Near the ch. is a House of Mercy, in connection with the Sisterhood of Clewer. The ch. of St. John, Dec., a beautiful modern building, contains mosaics by Salviati.

The one historic memory of Bovey is the surprise and defeat of part of the force of Lord Wentworth on the 9th Jan., 1646, by Cromwell, on his march into the West. The parish takes its name from the little river Bovey, a tributary of the Teign. It was long held by the Traceys, one of whom took part in the murder of A'Becket; and hence the dedication of the ch. to St. Thomas of Canterbury. There is an old West-country proverb that the "Traceys have the wind in their faces"—a mark of the Divine displeasure for their share in this transaction!

Excursions from Bovey.

Bovey is an excellent centre for excursions. The chief is that to *Heytor*, which may be extended in various directions to embrace some of the most interesting features of this quarter of Dartmoor.

1. *Bovey Heathfield.* The lignite pits are a mile from the railway station, the potteries being passed on the road. They are full of geological interest.

2. *Heytor* is about 3m. from Bovey, a pleasant if an uphill walk. Two piles of rock crest the rugged ridge of Heytor, and distinguish it from all its neighbours. It is overtopped by many other tors, but rises to the height of over 1200 feet, and commands magnificent views. The quarries are no longer worked.

3. *Manaton* village is 4m. from Bovey; and the walk thither opens up some enchanting scenes. *Becky Fall*, near Manaton, is very picturesque in winter, when the full flood from the Moor tumbles some 80 feet into the rocky bed of the stream. Those who can only afford the time for one visit to Manaton should, however, make it from Lustleigh (which see).

4. *Hennock and Bottor.* A rough walk of nearly 5m. out; but worth taking if only for the sake of the grand view from Bottor.

John Cann's Rocks are nearer Bovey. John Cann, according

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to local tradition, was a Royalist who took refuge among these wild solitudes, but was traced by bloodhounds and executed.

8½m. LUSTLEIGH. This is perhaps the most charmingly situated village in Devon. The houses are scattered in very irregular and picturesque fashion, along the rugged bottom and steep sides of a little valley enclosed by high hills. (Inn: *The Cleave*, close to the station, built specially for the accommodation of visitors.) The little ch. (rest.), originally E. Eng., retains this character in the chancel. There is a Perp. screen, and the transept is Dec. In the S. porch is a rude stoup. The threshold of the S. door is formed by an ancient gravestone of Romano-British date, the characters on which, now partially defaced, appear to be CATVIDOC CONRINO. Note the cross-legged effigy of Sir William Prouz, *temp.* Edward II.; and the effigies of later date of a knight and a lady, traditionally reputed as those of Sir John Dynham and his wife Emma.

The *Cleave* is the lion of Lustleigh. It is a bold, bare ridge covered with the most picturesquely confused piles of rocks to be found within the circuit of Dartmoor. Here may be studied with singular advantage the marvellously grotesque forms which the "clatters" of the Dartmoor Tors—a local name given to the loose blocks which occupy so much of the surface of the higher hills—ofttimes assume. Several of the piles have fanciful titles bestowed on them by the country folk. The Nutcrackers is a name thus given to a logan or logging stone which will crack a nut in its oscillation. The foot road to the Cleave is by a lane on the right immediately beyond the ch. After passing through a wood and by a group of cottages the road divides. Take that to the right, and then a dark lane to the left.

The latter leads to the commencement of the Cleave, which is little more than a mile from the station. The views from the ridge are very fine; and if possible the whole length of the Cleave should be traversed. A green path, winding amidst the furze and bracken to the bottom of the valley, leads to Manaton, the ch. tower of which forms a conspicuous object in the landscape. It is nearly 4m. from Lustleigh, but the road over the Cleave is a rough one. Bad walkers had better drive to the Cleave from Bovey or Moreton, though, indeed, there is no difficulty in accomplishing the ascent from Lustleigh. The valley of the Cleave abounds in beauties, and should, if possible, be explored. At one point the Bovey

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is lost, save in times of flood, beneath the large blocks of granite which fill its channel—the *Horseman's Steps.*

Manaton is the very picture of rural peace. Its scanty houses are grouped around a village green that in its verdure is no misnomer. Hard by stands the grey old church, in its quiet God's acre. Behind rises the rock-strewn crest of Manaton Tor, and breaking the line of the long slope of the hill side opposite, nearly a mile away, is the singular pile of granite blocks known as *Bowerman's Nose.* This consists of five blocks, and rises to the height of nearly 40 feet. Fond Druidiophobic fancy dubbed it a rock idol, and it certainly does bear a remarkable resemblance to a human figure. In the ch. is a screen which is beautifully carved, and retains much of its early glory in gold and colour. There are three old bench ends.

12½m. MORETONHAMPSTEAD. (Pop. 1551.) Inns: *White Hart* and *White Horse.*

Within living if aged memory, the only approach to Moreton was on foot or by pack-horse; and no wheeled vehicle larger than a wheelbarrow had ever been seen in the neighbourhood. Now it has a railway station of its own, and is a place of resort. The church is large, and chiefly Perp., but uninteresting, the interior marred by galleries. The rude granite arcade of the old poor-house, close by, dated 1637, is a characteristic specimen of the surviving Gothic of that period, which, if not elaborate, was decidedly not feeble. Hard by is an old elm tree, with its head trained in the shape of a punch-bowl. Herein, according to village tradition, a platform used to be placed, and the village lads and lasses enjoyed their dance in the leafy-walled ball-room. More probably it was the fiddler's "gallery." There are the remains of an old cross below. Adjoining the ch. is the Hyde Park of Moreton, a field called the Sentry, with walks and seats.

EXCURSIONS FROM MORETON.

1. Moretonhampstead is the starting point, so far as Dartmoor is concerned, of the main road that traverses its wild uplands—that which runs by Two Bridges to Tavistock. [Sect. XIV.] It is the most convenient spot from which to visit that finest of the moorland antiquities—Grimspound; and is the nearest station to Chagford and Drewsteignton.

2. The best way to reach *Grimspound,* either on foot or by driving, is to take the Tavistock road, which, with occa-

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sional alternations, gradually ascends to the ordinary level of the great moorland plateau, and affords abundant objects of interest *en route*. About 5m. from Moreton the road enters on the wild, weird, open moor, and a road on the left, which conducts to Widdecombe-on-the-Moor, leads almost direct towards Grimspound, which lies left between Hooknor Tor and Hameldon. In the valley below, which the road to Widdecombe skirts, are the remains of extensive tin stream workings, and close by is the ancient tin mine known as Vitifer. [For a description of Grimspound see Sect. XIV.] N. Bovey ch. lies left of the road from Moreton to Tavistock. It contains a screen in fair condition, old carving, and painted glass.

CHAGFORD. (Pop. 1530.) Inns: *Moor Park*, *Globe*, *Three Crowns*. There are also many lodging houses, and the residence at Gidleigh Park is now used for that purpose. Chagford is charmingly placed on a hill surrounded by hills, on the very verge of Dartmoor, and overlooking the upper valley of the Teign. The visitor will not have been there long before he will have heard that Chagford in summer is one thing, and Chagford in winter quite another. The story goes that if a Chagford man is asked where he lives, in summer, he rejoins, with natural pride, "Chaggyford, and what d'ye think, then?" But, in winter, his melancholy feelings find vent in the mournful reply, "Chagford, good Lord!" It was in an attack upon Chagford that Sidney Godolphin, one of the "four wheels of Charles's wain," fell.

Chagford is 4m. from Moreton, with which it is in daily communication by 'busses arranged to meet certain trains. The ch. (rest.) is a handsome building, chiefly of Perp. character, but with Dec. arcades, and a fine tower. The device of the three rabbits, with their ears so placed as to form a triangle, occurs on a boss, as at Tavistock and Widdecombe. Note also the whirlpools of the Gorges.

EXCURSIONS FROM CHAGFORD.

1. Their name is almost legion: and it will require several days to exhaust the attractions of this delightful neighbourhood. There is no better starting point for exploring the northern quarter of Dartmoor, and for making acquaintance with the ofttimes misty—if not quite so mystical as report would make it—*Cranmere Pool*. This is one of the wildest and most desolate spots in all broad England. It will not

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be advisable to undertake the search without a guide—easily procured at Chagford—for the pool is environed by bogs. *Grimspound* is 4m. from Chagford.

2. *Gidleigh Park*, 2m., is visited for the romantic character of its scenery. The steep hill-sides are studded with huge rock masses, and clothed with a dense undergrowth, above which rise the heads of many a tall tree, while in its rocky bed below the rapid waters of the N. Teign ever rush and swirl. Gidleigh ch. tower, and a portion of the ravine which constitutes the park, may be seen from Chagford. The ch. contains a screen with painted panels. Hard by is the *Castle*—the ruins of a large square tower of little interest, and of Edwardian date. The road to Gidleigh is by *Holy Street*, famous for its picturesque old mill, which Creswick painted many a year ago, and which has been the subject of many an artist since. Beyond Gidleigh ch. is *Scorhill Down*, with its stone circle, 90 feet in diameter, the largest and most imposing on the Moor. There are important remains also on Shuffle Down.

3. *Drewsteignton*. This little village is about 4m. from Chagford, and of little interest in itself, consisting merely of a group of houses, though the ch. is a fair example, in its older portions, of the local Perp. However, it occupies its place in one of the chief excursions from Chagford, and has a couple of little inns where refreshment may be obtained, if one's wants do not extend beyond a crust of bread and cheese and a glass of ale or cider. In the "days of the Druids," Polwhele and his followers converted Drewsteignton into the "Druids' town on the Teign," utterly ignoring the etymological claims of its ancient possessor, Drewe or Drogo. Fingle Bridge and the Cromlech are the attractions of Drewsteignton, and notable ones too. They may be taken with advantage in one round with Whyddon Park, a wild rock-strewn and tree-clothed hill-side in the defile of the Teign, above Fingle Bridge, more bold in its general character than Gidleigh, and little more than 1m. from Chagford.

Fingle Bridge is about 4m. from Chagford, and those who can walk thither are recommended to do so. The Teign here flows through the grandest defile in Devon, amid scenery of its kind unsurpassed in the kingdom. Fold after fold, hill notching into hill, with barely more room in the bottom than suffices for the flow of the river, the gorge extends for nearly 2m., its sides descending either sheer and rocky, or less precipitous and lined with dense woods. Immediately above

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Fingle Bridge tower the hills of *Cranbrook* and *Prestonbury*, each capped by an ancient camp of British date, the remains of which are still sufficiently important to show that it was in no mere local struggle that they played their part; but that they were destined to defend the pass of the Teign against no enemy less important than an invading host. The road from Chagford to the Bridge (and that from Moreton likewise) winds down the hill at Cranbrook by a series of zigzags; and the views at each turn are glorious. Near the Bridge is a mill, where picnic parties can find accommodation. There is a rocking stone in the river bed, near Whyddon Park, which has obtained some notoriety as a "logan stone"; but its only interest is in the fact that it is a travelled block. There are many "logging" stones, great and small, on and near Dartmoor, but there does not seem reason to assign to any of them an artificial origin.

The ascent from the gorge to Drewsteignton is much easier than that on the other side to Cranbrook Castle, one reason why pedestrians should adopt this route in preference to the other. The *Cromlech* is on a farm called Shilston, quasi Shelfstone, about 2m. W. from the village. It is the finest—indeed, it is now the only one—in Devon; and is, moreover, remarkable as having been "restored." After standing for many an age, on the 31st of January, 1862, it fell, and was re-erected in the same year. Although the position in which the blocks had fallen rendered the work difficult, it was accomplished, at a cost of 20*l*., by John Ball, a carpenter, and William Stone, a builder, both of Chagford. Mrs. Bragg, the owner of the estate, was at the expense of the work, which was superintended by the Rev. W. Ponsford, the rector, who followed as closely as possible camera-lucida sketches which had been made by Mr. G. W. Ormerod, F.G.S. The corner stone was raised by pulleys from above (worked by a powerful crab) and a screw-jack below, and when it had reached the proper height the supports were replaced. The quoit is 2 feet thick, 15 in greatest length, and 10 in greatest breadth. It therefore weighs some 16 tons. The supporting stones are about 6 feet in height. Near the Cromlech were formerly some stone circles and avenues, but these have disappeared. In the neighbourhood the cromlech is called the "Spinsters' Rock," and tradition avers that it was erected by three spinsters one morning before breakfast. Mr. Rowe, in his "Perambulation of Dartmoor," suggested that these three spinsters represent the "terrible Valkyriur"

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—the fatal sisters, the choosers of the slain of Norse mythology. *Bradford Pool*, a little tarn of 3 acres, N. of the cromlech, is merely a collection of water in an old mining excavation.

Railway Excursions.

IX. TOTNES TO ASHBURTON.

Distance from Totnes.	Station.	Distance from Ashburton.
3½	Staverton	6
7	Buckfastleigh	2½
9½	Ashburton	

Time: ½h. *Fares:* (*single*) 1*s.* 11*d.*, 1*s.* 5*d.*, 9½*d.*; (*return*) 2*s.* 11*d.*, 2*s.* 2*d.*

Exeter to Totnes, see Sect. VI.

Another delightful little line, following the windings of the romantic Dart from Totnes to Buckfastleigh.

3½m. STAVERTON. (Pop. 876.) A village agreeably situated among orchards, for the parish is noted for its cider. The ch., restored, contains a Worthe monument, 1629, and there are very fine rood and parclose screens, also heedfully restored.

7m. BUCKFASTLEIGH. (Pop. 2638.) Inn: *King's Arms.*

An uninteresting town, though pleasantly situated. Here are the serge manufactories of the Messrs. Hamlyn and the Messrs. Berry, which do a considerable trade and sustain the reputation of the old woollen manufactures of Devon. The ch. (rest. 1845) is on the top of a hill approached by a flight of 140 steps. The chancel and tower are E. Eng., the nave and aisles Perp. The tower has a spire, an unusual feature with the old Devonshire churches; many of the original spires were removed in later times. There are fragments of old buildings in the churchyard. In the limestone of Buckfastleigh are numerous caverns; some of considerable extent; and there are copper mines within a short distance.

Buckfastleigh has a name in history in connection with the *Abbey* of Buckfast, founded long before the Conquest, to which Canute is said to have given the manor of Zeal Monachorum. Originally a house of Benedictines, it passed to the Cistercians, under whom it flourished, until in 1583 it shared the common doom. The site is marked by a modern residence, said to have its foundations on E. Eng. work, and once more occupied by monks of St. Benedict. The great

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barn of the Grange remains, and the arches of an entrance, while the mill adjoining occupies the site of some of the conventual buildings, and is erected of monastic materials. Extensive ruins existed down to 1806, when there was wholesale demolition. The most notable feature yet extant is the "Abbot's Tower," a seven-sided building with cellar below and three stories above, containing fireplaces and garderobes, a well, and a staircase.

9½m. ASHBURTON. (Pop. 2952.) Inns: *Golden Lion*, *London*.

Ashburton (Ashburn-ton, so named from the stream now called the Yeo) is a place of great antiquity lying in a bottom among hills, one of the old Stannary towns of Devon, and a parliamentary borough from 26 Edward I., with intermissions, until 1868, when it was finally extinguished, having lost one of its representatives in 1832. It had a quaint old timbered guildhall, until the present Guildhall and Market House was built; and still retains many evidences of its age. At what was the Mermaid Inn, in North Street, now a shop, Fairfax had his head-quarters when he occupied the town in 1646. In a house in West Street, the property of Mr. Cruse, is a curious wainscoted room with a canopy. The chapel of St. Lawrence, of which the tower alone remains, marks the site of the ancient free school of Ashburton, established by Bishop Stapledon *circa* 1314 in connection with the guild of St. Lawrence, of which he was also the founder. A more modern building attached is now the grammar school.

Ashburton ch., chiefly Dec. in character, and cruciform in plan, is a fine structure, though with the removal of the old screen many years since it lost nearly all its special interest, which judicious restoration has done its best to renew. The chancel is the oldest portion of the fabric, and in part may be E. Eng. It was partially rest. 1840, when a number of jars of rude pottery, of the kind which have commonly been called acoustic jars, were found built up in the walls, with pieces of slate over their mouths, and firmly mortared into their recesses. The sealing with slate has been held to militate against the idea of their acoustic use, but it has been suggested that this dates from a later period, when, from the decorations of the chancel having been, removed, they had become unsightly. The old monuments were swept away in the course of an 18th century "deformation." There is a monument to John Dunning, first Lord Ashburton, the most noteworthy thing about which is

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that the inscription is by Dr. Johnson. Dunning was a native of the town, as were also William Gifford, and Dean Ireland.

Walks and Excursions from Ashburton.

1. Ashburton is not only on the verge of Dartmoor, but in the immediate vicinity of some of the finest sylvan scenery in the county. *Holne Chase* (so named from its abundant hollies) and the *Buckland Drives* are singularly romantic. The hills slope precipitously on either side to the valleys of the Dart and its immediate tributaries; and are clothed with dense woods, through which there are drives extending many a mile. These, by the liberality of the owners, Sir Henry B. Wrey of Holne and Mr. Bastard of Buckland, are open to the public. The best route out is by *Buckland* ch., which is 4m. from Ashburton. It is almost a continuous ascent from the town for nearly 3m. *Buckland Beacon*, on the right, a rocky outlier of the Moor, commands a wide prospect, in which the estuary of the Teign looks like a landlocked lake, and the country between the Beacon and the high lands of Marychurch and Torquay, with their clusters of villas, is mapped out far away beneath. Buckland ch., a little fane, with few dwellings near, is chiefly interesting for its screen, which must once have been of rare beauty. Buckland grounds are entered by a gate a little beyond the ch. The Drives lead up to Holne Bridge and Holne Chase, which follows the course of the Dart. About a mile above the bridge is the *Lover's Leap*, the boldest bit of rock scenery in the Dart, which here flows through a wild ravine. *Holne* ch. is a plain structure, cruciform in plan, and originally E. Eng. It contains a screen (Perp.) and a pulpit enriched with armorial carvings. There is an ancient cross in the churchyard; and also a fine yew. At Holne, Kingsley was born. From Ashburton through the Drives and Chase and back is about 10m.

2. By following on the road beyond Buckland and at the cross roads taking that downhill on the left, the tourist will reach the vale of *Widdecombe*. The road commands delightful views over the Webburn valley, and across to *Leusdon*, a new ch., veritably "set on a hill." [For Widdecombe see Sect. XIV.]

3. *Ilsington* is 5m. from Ashburton, and lies at the foot of the Downs, below the twin pile of Heytor. The ch. has a good screen. There is bold carving in the bosses and corbels

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of the nave roof. Ilsington was the birthplace of John Ford, one of the most powerful of the Elizabethan dramatists.

4. *Dean Prior* is likewise 5m. from Ashburton, and may be conveniently taken either from Ashburton or Buckfastleigh in a walk to Brent station. The ch. is of interest if only for its association with Herrick, who, after being turned out during the Commonwealth, returned at the Restoration, and died its vicar. He has left on record his dislike of this "dull Devonshire"; and of the "warty incivility" of Dean Bourn, and of the uncongenial natives. Yet he felt the inspiration of the scenes around, and owed many a debt to the beauties of Devon, dull though in his town-regretting moods he may have deemed it A brass to his memory was placed in the ch. in 1857. There is a monument to Sir Edward Giles; and at Dean Court, in excellent restoration, is the old hall of the Gileses, built late in the 16th century.

5. *Pridhamsleigh Cavern*, though in Staverton parish, is best reached from Ashburton, whence it is but 1½m. It contains several deep pools of water. At Ashburton is an underground stream, which is lost half a mile from the town and reappears after passing the gardens in East Street.

6. There are several hill forts in the vicinity of Ashburton. Tower Hill Camp is a mile N.E. Borough Wood Camp, 1½m. N. on the other side of the Yeo, is enclosed by a ridge of stones. Holne Chase Castle is about 200 feet above the Dart. A number of iron weapons (pike heads?) were found hard by in 1870, but there is no reason to believe they were of any great antiquity. The most notable camp of the series is Hembury Castle, near Buckfastleigh, which is 7 acres in extent. It is defended towards the river by the steep side of the hill being scarped; and on the other side by a fosse 20 feet deep, and a strong agger.

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Railway Excursions.

X. EXETER TO PLYMOUTH AND DEVONPORT (S.W.R.).

Distance from Exeter.	Station.	Distance from Plymouth.
4½	Newton St. Cyres	54½
7½	Crediton	51½
11½	Yeoford	47½
17	Bow	42
19½	North Tawton	39½
22½	Sampford Courtenay	36½
26	Okehampton	33
32½	Bridestowe	26½
36	Lydford	23
39¼	Mary Tavy	19¾
40½	Tavistock	18½
46½	Horrabridge	12½
51¾	Bickleigh	7¼
55	Marsh Mills	4
59	Plymouth	
60	Devonport	1

Time: (*fast*) 2h. 20m.; (*ordinary*) 2¾h. *Fares:* (*single*) 11*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 10*d.*, 4*s.* 4*d.*; (*return*) 19*s.*, 13*s.* 3*d.* *Refreshment Rooms: Yeoford, Okehampton, Lydford, Tavistock.*

The time is given from Queen Street Station, but all the trains call at St. David's. To Lydford the line is the property of the South-Western Company; from Lydford to Plymouth the S.W. trains run over the Tavistock and Launceston branch of the G.W. system. North Road Station, Plymouth, belongs jointly to both companies; thence the S.W. trains proceed to the S.W. terminus at Devonport.

The S.W. line crosses the Exe at Cowley Bridge, the G.W. main line and S.W. line to that point from St. David's being identical. At Cowley Bridge the latter diverges to the left. The first station is

4½m. NEWTON ST. CYRES. (Pop. 959.) A large quantity of manganese was formerly raised here, and manganese mines still exist. Near here is Pynes, the seat of Sir Stafford Northcote, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Beaconsfield's administration, and leader of the House of Commons on that Premier's removal to the Upper House.

7½m. CREDITON. (Pop. 4222.) Inns: *Angel, Temperance, Ship.* Crediton challenges notice if only for the sake of the old rhyme, variations of which are heard all over the kingdom.

> "Kirton was a borough town
> When Exon was a vuzzy down."

Kirton is colloquial for Crediton even now, and Exon is of course short Latin for Exeter; and there is this amount of

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truth in the boast, that Crediton for some reason not very apparent was the first seat of the see of Devon, and so continued from 910 down to 1050, when Bishop Leofric moved it to Exeter. Crediton was previously the birthplace of the famous Winfred or Boniface, the apostle of Germany. Since these early days it has not played a very prominent part. There was some fighting here in the 16th century, when the Roman Catholic rebels made Crediton their head-quarters, and were driven out by the Carews; and the town changed hands more than once, but without much "controversy," in the Civil War. Prince Maurice and Fairfax occupied it in turn, and Charles also paid it a visit. Crediton was once the chief centre of the woollen trade of the county, but its interests are now agricultural. The ch. of the Holy Cross is a noble cruciform edifice, with central tower, Perp., in the hands of a Corporation of Governors, and under process of restoration. It was one of the old "minsters," collegiate, and dissolved by Edward VI. Downes is the seat of Major Buller; Creedy, of Sir H. R. Davie; Shobrooke, of Sir John Shelley.

11½m. YEOFORD. This is the point where the line to Plymouth branches off from that to Barnstaple. In itself Yeoford is a place of no importance, but the scenery between it and Newton St. Cyres is very pretty.

Not far from Yeoford, but best reached from the next N. Devon station, Copplestone, is the famous *Copplestone Cross*. It is mentioned in a charter by Eadgar to the thegn Elfhere in the year 974, and probably occupied much the same position then that it does now, though it has been raised on a sloping base of masonry. It is 10 ft. 6 in. high, and tapers towards the top, where it is 1 ft. 6½ in. in width. Each side is carved, and it offers the only example in Devon of the interlaced pattern common in the N. Copplestone gives name to one of the three ancient Devonshire families made famous in the couplet, believe it who list,

> "Crocker, Cruwys, and Copplestone,
> When the Conqueror came were all at home."

There are plenty of Crockers and Crewses and some Copplestones at home in Devon still, but, the second family excepted, not in their olden seats.

17m. Bow. (Pop. 870.) A mere village, a little distance from the station, sometimes called Nymet Tracey. The ch. has a carved screen. ½m. distant is the chapel of *Broad Nymet*, now desecrated.

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19½m. NORTH TAWTON. (Pop. 2081.) Inns: *Gostwych Arms, George.* The town is over a mile from the station, and is not remarkable save for the fact that it is one of the very few centres in which the old Devonshire woollen manufacture still flourishes. The ch. is chiefly Perp., the tower probably E. Eng. Mr. Vicary has a wooden Norwegian house here.

22½m. SAMPFORD COURTENAY. (Pop. 1095.) A village on the N. of the railway, with a fine Perp. ch. Note the screen and high tower. This quiet spot has a somewhat distinguished place in history. Here it was that in 1549, the most formidable uprising for the restoration of Roman Catholicism that England saw had its birth. The villagers compelled the priest to celebrate mass after the old fashion, and to Sampford Courtenay immediately repaired not merely the disaffected of Devon, but a large body of Cornishmen and a strong contingent from Somerset, who put Exeter to sore straits until they were defeated by Lord Russell [See Introduction—History].

Between Bow and Sampford Courtenay the line is not particularly interesting, though now and then the eye ranges far over N. Devon; and on the left Cosdon or Cawsand Beacon may at length be seen, indicating the approach to Dartmoor. Between Sampford Courtenay and Okehampton, however, the landscape becomes bolder, and when the valley of the E. Ockment is entered, the traveller is fairly on the outskirts of the moorland region. Okehampton station is high above the town, which is seen lying in the bottom of the valley, with Oaklands (J. H. Holley, Esq.), and its woods immediately beyond. Kingsley rightly calls the valley one of the fairest spots in all Devon; though the town hardly deserves the censure which he heaps upon it as a specially bad specimen of the handiwork of fallen man. However, it deserves little praise.

26m. OKEHAMPTON. (Pop. 1695.) Inns: *White Hart, London, Fountain.* Okehampton is a very old town, and now that it has a railway and is no longer "left out in the cold," shows indications of growth and prosperity. The old-fashioned name is Ockington. There is a chapel of ease in the town, and the parish ch. is on a hill about a mile distant. Neither is worth visiting. The old ch. was destroyed by fire many years since, and its successor has no features of interest. Okehampton is one of the old boroughs extinguished in 1832, but it still preserves a Mayor and corporation.

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Okehampton Castle occupies the most picturesque site of any castle in Devon. It is, moreover, exceptional in having a true keep. Seen from the railway—its walls, so grim, grey, and shattered, cresting a tree-clad hill in the valley below, while all around is wild and rugged—it at once arrests the eye and excites the interest. In modern days the castle would be untenable for a single hour, for it is commanded by hills on either side. When erected it was a fortalice of great strength. A spur with precipitous sides, projecting sharply into the valley of the W. Ockment, was converted into an insulated hill by cutting through the ridge, and on the summit the keep was placed, where its remains still frown in grim decay. We know nothing of the castle before the days of Baldwin de Brioniis, William the Conqueror's Earl of Devon, but it speedily became a place of great importance—the head of an Honour of which 92 knights' fees were held. No part of the existing buildings is of the date of Baldwin. The keep, which is the oldest portion, is quadrangular, and very simple in construction, probably of the 13th century, though possibly very late Nor. The other remains are on the slope below, and in great part of the 15th century, when the castle was held by the Courtenays, to whom it had come by the marriage of Reginald de Courtenay with Hawise, heiress of the great family of Redvers. The hall, buttery, and kitchen, the entrance gateway, with the chapel, and various small apartments can still be traced. The chapel, which will readily be recognized, is the most perfect part of the ruins, and contains a piscina. The castle was dismantled in the reign of Henry VIII., when the appendant *chace* still known as Okehampton Park was disparked.

Excursions from Okehampton.

1. Okehampton is the best starting point for *Yes Tor*, the highest eminence in England S. of Cumberland; the view from which is naturally magnificent. This tor is 2050 feet high, and therefore fairly overtops Cosdon Beacon, which is 1792. The summit of the tor is about 5m. from Okehampton, and it is a stiff pull to reach it. The more direct way is to go on through the Park (the moorland above the railway), and to make for the tor as it is seen rising in the distance. The prettiest route in many respects is, however, that along the valley of the W. Ockment, and so on through the gorge at Meldon.

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2. *Cranmere Pool* may be visited from Okehampton, by taking the W. Ockment as a guide to the great central morass. But the caution given under Chagford must be repeated. Cranmere is best visited in the company of a good moorman.

3. Okehampton is the nearest point of railway departure for Yes Tor's rival height of *Cosdon* (commonly but erroneously called Cawsand) *Beacon*. The best route is through Belstone, 4m. S.E., whence the ascent is easy. Belstone ch., chiefly rebuilt, contained Nor. work; possibly some fragments of carved stone are even Saxon. The descent may be made to Sticklepath for the return to Okehampton; or it is an interesting if a long walk through Throwleigh, with its fine tower, to Chagford.

From Okehampton to Lydford the line runs along the W. edge of Dartmoor at a considerable elevation, and commands fine views alike over the moor and the country W. 3m. from Okehampton it leaps the wild gorge of Meldon by an iron viaduct 160 feet high. Note the grand ravines running up towards Yes Tor. A little beyond this point is the junction of a branch to Holsworthy, and 2½m. farther, close to the line, is Sourton ch., beneath Sourton Tor. The works on this section are very heavy, and there are high masonry viaducts at Lake and Lydford. [Holsworthy: see N. Devon Guide.]

32½m. BRIDESTOWE. (Pop. 762.) The village is over a mile from the station. The ch. contains E. Eng. portions, and the churchyard is entered under a Nor. arch, said to have formed part of the original edifice. Sourton ch. is 2m. from Bridestowe. In the S. porch is a stoup, and a hagioscope opens to the aisle. Sourton is 5m. from Okehampton.

Bridestowe is a convenient spot for the exploration of the moor. Yes Tor is nearer to it than to Okehampton; and it is as near to Cranmere Pool as the railway will take one. A moorland walk that can be recommended, and is not too formidable, is from Bridestowe by Tavy Cleave to Lydford, or *vice versâ*. The distance is somewhere about 10m.

Tavy Cleave is a "magnificent range of castellated tors with which nature appears to have fortified this fine peninsular hill, while the rapid stream sweeps round the headland, and forms an effective moat to the Titanic citadel above. These tors range in succession along the precipitous sides of a rock-strewn declivity. There are five principal piles, of which the third is the loftiest and most majestic, and the whole cliff presents a remarkable resemblance to the dilapidated walls of

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a time-worn edifice. Even on a nearer approach the illusion is kept up by the whortle, heaths, and other plants flourishing in the interstices, so that the appearance of the mimic castle is novel and peculiar. Imagination, too, with little effort, may figure a natural outwork or barbican in the lower pile, on the S. glacis, guarding the approach, and thus fortifying this inland promontory almost to the river's brink."

36m. LYDFORD. (Pop. 240.) There is only a village inn; but the station has refreshment rooms. Junction with the Tavistock and Launceston line. The little village of Lydford represents what was, eight centuries since, one of the most important burghs in the West of England. Before the Conquest it had more burgesses than Barnstaple. Immediately after the Conquest it sunk into insignificance, which, save in its connection with the Stannaries, it has retained from that time to the present. In the village stands within Keltic earthworks, and probably on a Saxon mound, the square shell of the old *Castle* (partially Norman), once the prison of the Stannaries, and the evil reputation of which gave rise to the old proverb—"Lydford Law: hang first and try after; to which Browne refers in his amusing stanzas:

> "I oft have heard of Lydford law,
> How in the morn they hang and draw,
> And sit in judgment after.
> At first I wondered at it much,
> But now I find their reason such
> That it deserves no laughter."

The ch., hard by the castle, consists of chancel, nave, south aisle, porch, and west tower. Mainly Perp., it still retains a good deal of Dec. work, including a beautiful Dec. piscina. There is a quaint hagioscope in S. chancel pier. The font is early Nor., and it has been suggested that the rough walling on the N. may be even earlier. Note the curious Routledge epitaph, piously comparing the Almighty to a clockmaker.

The village is rather more than a mile from the station; and on the road is a *bridge* over a deep chasm, far down at the bottom of which the Lyd is heard struggling through its rocky bed. Weird and gloomy seems this narrow cleft. One night when the bridge had been carried away, a traveller arrived at Lydford on horseback from Tavistock, much to the astonishment of the villagers. But the astonishment was his when he learnt that the bridge had fallen, and called to mind a sudden leap that his horse had made, for which at

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the time he could not account. There are now paths through this wildly-beautiful *gorge*, and permission may at times be had to traverse it at Lydford House (D. Radford, Esq.)

Lydford *Waterfall* is within a few minutes' walk of the station; and the gate has to be unlocked by a silver key. But the cost is trifling, and the reward great. The valley of the Lyd is here a deep ravine, its sides clothed in luxuriant undergrowth and coppice; and a little stream in two leaps springs 110 feet perpendicular to pay its tribute to the river. The volume of water is not large, save when the miller above, for a consideration, is induced to open the floodgates of his pond, but the fall is singularly graceful, and for height unsurpassed in the West. *Kitt's Falls*, or Kate's Falls, are on the Lyd itself, about a mile from the village.

Brent Tor, 2½m., should be visited either from Lydford or Tavistock (5m.). Its sharp cone distinguishes it from all the Devonshire heights; and its history is written not only in its shape, but in its composition. It is a peak of igneous rocks, in all probability a centre of the volcanic activities which have left their mark so plainly throughout the district. The little ch. with which it is crowned is dedicated to St. Michael, and is said to be the fulfilment of the pious vow of a merchant in peril at sea, to build a ch. on the first land he saw. The nave is only 37 feet 6 inches in length and 14 feet 9 inches wide, and at the wall plate barely 11 feet high. The tower is 40 feet. What with its diminutive size, its sturdy walls, and its battlemented parapet, it is a very quaint little fabric, and quite worth the pull up hill, apart from the view. The tor is 1100 feet high.

39½m. MARY TAVY. (Pop. 1035.) There is nothing to note in the village of which this is the station save the ch., a picturesque Perp. edifice, consisting of chancel, nave, S. aisle, and tower. The piscina has a credence shelf. *Peter Tavy*, the sister parish, is 1½m. distant from Mary Tavy, and 3m. from Tavistock. The ch. (restored) is all Perp., with the exception of the aisle, which is Dec. There are a few fragments of the rood screen; and in the churchyard is a tombstone so supported that it may fairly be called a modern cromlech.

40½m. TAVISTOCK. (Pop. 7781.) Hotels: *Bedford*, *Queen's Head*, and several inns and eating-houses of various kinds. Tavistock is notable. It never had a corporation, though sending representatives to Parliament since Edward I., but rejoices in the possession of that ancient Saxon "head-

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man"—a portreeve. Devon has few pleasanter towns, for it happily combines the picturesqueness of the past with the less romantic accessories of a thriving present. This is the result of the fostering care of the Russells, to whom it fell on the dissolution of its famous abbey. In Tavistock Abbey one of the earliest printing presses in the provinces was set up, and there, early in the 16th century, "Dan Thomas Rychard" "emprented a copy of Bœthius." At Crowndale, hard by, in a house destroyed within living memory, was born the great Sir Francis Drake. To the Long Parliament Tavistock sent the famous Pym; and here, too, was born William Browne, our best pastoral poet next to Spenser.

A magnificent bronze statue of Sir Francis Drake, by Boehm, has been given to Tavistock by the Duke of Bedford. It is 10 feet in height, and on the pedestal are relievi representing the knighting of Drake, the traditional game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, and his burial at sea. The likeness is excellent, though the figure is much idealised in character and treatment.

The *Abbey* was founded *circa* 961, and the abbot attained the dignity of the mitre just before

> "Bluff Harry broke into the spence
> And turned the cowls adrift.'

Of this once magnificent structure there are now few remains. Over the gateway is the town library; the refectory is a Unitarian chapel; a porch adjoining is used as a dairy in connection with the Bedford Hotel; there are some other buildings in the vicarage garden; while the old wall still divides what were the Abbey grounds from the river walk. In the churchyard are fine fragments of E. Eng. work, commonly called Ordulf's tomb, probably part of the N. wall of the abbey ch. Some large bones, popularly said to be those of Ordulf (son of Earl Orgar, the abbey founder), whom tradition credits with gigantic stature, and which were found in a stone coffin on the site of the Bedford Hotel, are preserved in the ch. Two of the most famous men connected with the Abbey were Lyfing, the "wordsnotera," or eloquent, in whom the sees of Devon and Cornwall were first united, and Ældred, Archbishop of York, who crowned William the Conquerer.

Tavistock ch. is a spacious building, consisting of chancel, nave, N. and S. aisles, and additional S. aisle. The tower, at the W. end of the nave, is a true campanile, and stands on

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piers. The Glanville monument is the most noteworthy. Recently some stained-glass windows have been inserted, the best to the memory of Mr. J. Hornbrook Gill, of Bickham. At the W. end of the town, on the hill above Fitzford, is a fine ch., in the Romanesque style (Clutton, architect), erected at the sole cost of the then Duke of Bedford. Of the ancient mansion of *Fitzford* only the entrance gateway remains, and that has been rebuilt on its original site just below this ch. The Congregational chapel (Tarring, architect) is an interesting example of Dec., with a tower and spire 140 feet high. It contains a memorial window to Mr. A. Rooker.

With one exception, the public buildings of Tavistock are ducal. The Guildhall was built in 1848, to match, in style, the remains of the Abbey. In front is a bronze statue of Duke Francis, by Stephens, erected by subscription. The New Hall and Market, with their adjuncts, are also late Perp. In the hall are a number of portraits of celebrities connected with Tavistock, chiefly painted by Lady Arthur Russell, and including Drake, and Pym and Lord William Russell, who both sat for the town. The Kelly College (Hanson, architect) is ½m. from the town. It was founded by a bequest of 100,000*l.* by the late Admiral Kelly, and is an imposing pile, good late Perp. in character. Members of the founder's family are entered as foundation scholars; and sons of officers admitted at a rate below that of ordinary pupils. The greenish freestone used in these buildings is a volcanic ash, which was employed in the building of the Abbey, and shows hardly a sign of decay.

Three of the most interesting antiquities at Tavistock are in the grounds of the vicarage, where they were placed by a former vicar, the Rev. Mr. Bray. They are inscribed stones of Romano-British date. One removed from Buckland Monachorum is inscribed SABINI FILI MACCODECHETI. Another, which came from Clannaborough, bears the words NEPRANI FILI CONBEVI or CONDEVI, the fourth letter in the last word being very indistinct. The third, like the first, from Buckland, reads DOBUNNI FABRII FILI ENNABARRI or NABARRI. On this stone the legend appears, not merely in Roman letters, but in Ogham.

Walks and Excursions from Tavistock.

1. By the river walk to West Bridge, *Walreddon*, a 16th-century seat of the Courtenays, to *Virtuous Lady Mine*, a most romantic spot at the confluence of the Walkham and

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Tavy; thence up the Walkham valley by Grenofen (W. H. Chichester, Esq.), about 7m.

2. *Devon Great Consols* mines, 4m. from Tavistock, should be visited by all who wish to see what the highest developments of mining enterprise are like. The works are on the most extensive scale, and of the most complete character. More than a million profit was made here in twenty-one years, and the dividends paid to April 1877 were 1,195,520*l*.

3. *Endsleigh*, the occasional Devonshire residence of the Duke of Bedford, is justly famed for the beauty of its scenery. The house is a "cottage," but by no means an ordinary one. An order must be obtained for the visit from the Bedford Office in Tavistock. The road is through Lamerton and Milton Abbot, 6m. from Tavistock. From the entrance gate to the house, 1m., the road is bordered by magnificent rhododendrons; and throughout the grounds the combination of art and nature results in the rarest beauties.

4. The easiest Dartmoor walk is over Whitchurch Down to *Pewtor*, a frontier tor with a singular crest of castellated rocks. Sampford Spiney ch. (Dec. and Perp.) and *Vixen Tor* are near Pewtor, and should be taken in the route, while the return may be made through Whitchurch. The whole distance is about 8m., but the rough moorland walking makes it equal to 10.

5. For *Princetown* see post and Sect. XIV.

6. Near Tavistock are the old seat of the Glanvilles, *Kilworthy*, and *Collacombe*, that of the Tremaynes before they removed to *Sydenham*, which passed into their hands by marriage with the heiress of the Wises. This last is a fine old house, 7m. from Tavistock, and by all means to be visited, though it does not lie within the district of this Handbook.

7. *Calstock* and the *Weir Head* may be readily reached from Tavistock. To drive to Calstock the road by New Bridge and through Gunnislake must be taken. There was hard fighting at New Bridge when Essex made his unfortunate march into Cornwall. The scenery of the Tamar valley here is very bold and picturesque, and the hills form a great amphitheatre, with precipitous sides.

The nearest road to Calstock is over Morwell Down to Morwellham, and thence by the ferry. This enables the tourist to pay a visit to the *Morwell Rocks* [Sect. XII.]. The Tavistock canal passes under Morwell Down by a tunnel. Near the end of this is Old Morwell House, a quadrangular stone building of the 15th century.

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8. Good walkers will find their account in following on the Tavy as nearly as may be, from Tavistock to its junction with the Tamar. The scenery at many points, especially near Virtuous Lady Mine, is very striking. *Beer Ferrers* is just within the embouchure of the Tavy. The ch. (rest.) is Dec. and Perp. The original fane was rebuilt by Sir William de Ferrers, whose monument it contains, with effigies of himself and Isola, his wife. Their figures also appear on the glass of the E. window. There is likewise an effigy of a Crusader. Beeralston, in this parish, a mere hamlet, was one of the *boroughs* disfranchised in 1832. Not far above Beer Ferrers, on the other bank of the river, is Maristow (once Martinstow), the seat of Sir Massey Lopes, Bart., M.P. The promontory between the Tavy and Tamerton Creek is occupied by the woods of *Warleigh* (Mrs. Radcliffe), a charming domain, which has belonged in turn to the Foliots, the Gorges, the Bonviles, the Copplestones, the Bampfyldes, and the Radcliffes. Among the portraits are some by Hudson, the master of Reynolds. Crossing the river from Beer, the walk may be continued on by Maristow or Warleigh to *Tamerton Foliot*, a genuine Devonshire village, at the head of Tamerton Creek. The ch. (rest.) is Perp., with a good tower. It contains monuments to the Foliots, Copplestones, and Gorges. The effigies of Roger de Gorges and his wife date *temp.* Henry V. The pleasantest road from Tamerton to Plymouth is through Butshead Wood, and by St. Budeaux. There are projects to open up this district by railway in connection with the London and South-Western system, and the "Three Towns."

46½m. HORRABRIDGE. (Pop. 816.) A very ordinary village, but much frequented by Plymouth folk on their summer holiday, for here it is very true that "God made the country and man made the town." Horrabridge is a capital centre for the exploration of the S. borders of Dartmoor. *Princetown* is but 7m. distant (but see post), and Walkhampton (ch. Dec.) may be taken on the way. *Meavy* is 2½m., and *Sheepstor* 4m. Take the road over the corner of Roborough Down from the station. Meavy ch. (rest.), E. Eng., tower Perp., has Nor. carving on the N. chancel pier. A grand old oak stands hard by.

Follow up the valley of the Meavy to Sheepstor, the ch. (rest.) of which is another fair example of the little moorland fanes. Here is buried Rajah Brooke, who lived at Burrator in the parish. Burrator Falls are very pretty, but

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not generally accessible. Sheepstor rises behind the village. It has a curious cavity in the rocks, known as the Pixies' Hole.

There is a charming walk down the valley of the *Walkham* to its confluence with the Tavy at Virtuous Lady Mine. Follow on the turnpike road down the hill from the station, and turn to the left by the bridge. If the road is a little rugged, the scenery has abundant compensation, especially at "the meeting of the waters." This walk, if desired, may be extended to Tavistock by following up the valley of the Tavy.

Horrabridge, too, is the station for *Buckland Abbey*. The village of Buckland Monachorum is about 1½m. from the station, over the Down. The ch. is a very good Perp. edifice —the masonry an excellent example of granite treatment— with some ancient glass in the E. window; and interesting angel corbels. Notice the elaborate monument by Bacon to Lord Heathfield, as General Elliot the renowned defender of Gibraltar.

Buckland Abbey was one of the greatest Cistercian houses in the West. It was founded by Amicia, widow of Baldwin, seventh Earl of Devon, in 1280, and fell in 1538, when its revenues were 241*l.* 17*s.* 9½*d.* It passed in 1581 to the world-famed Sir Francis Drake, in whose representatives, through his brother Thomas, it remains. The Abbey barn is almost intact; and the present mansion is the product of the secularization of the Abbey ch. Interesting corbels and capitals are still to be seen walled into the later work. The tower, now divided into floors, is probably perfect, and the great arches can be traced. Over a doorway is a fine boss, which Mr. J. Brooking Rowe believes intended to represent the founder. Within the Abbey, which is open to visitors, are preserved several interesting memorials of its somewhile possessor—Drake's drums, his Bible, his sword, and his shield (!). A well-known portrait of Drake hangs in the dining-room; and on the staircase one of Don Pedro de Valdez, Vice-Admiral of the Armada, and Drake's prisoner. Besides family portraits are three of Charles II., his Queen, and Nell Gwynne. The hall contains some good carving. The grounds are well wooded and beautiful.

The scenery along the line from Horrabridge to Marsh Mills is as fine as any series of railway landscapes in Devon.

At YELVERTON is the junction of the branch to *Princetown*, which is 10m. in length, and commands some grand moorland views. The only station en route is *Dowsland Barn*. The

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line sweeps round the Dartmoor granite quarries at King Tor.

51½m. BICKLEIGH. The praises of *Bickleigh Vale* have been sung in poetic strains again and again; and it is perhaps the most favourite holiday resort of the good people of the "Three Towns" when they feel inclined to take a trip by rail. The Plym runs through the valley, the sides of which are shrouded in coppice, its bottom lapped in richest verdure, whilst at its head lies the savage wildness of the Moor.

A mile from the station is *Shaugh Bridge*, with its venerable wood—a lovely spot, where the Plym is joined by the Meavy. Between the courses of the two rivers rises a precipitous hill, from the side of which a huge spur of granite rock rears perpendicularly nearly 300 feet above the ravine of the Plym. This is the *Dewerstone* (it may be seen from the station), and is to be reached by crossing the stepping-stones in the river bed, and following a rugged path through the tangled undergrowth. From Shaugh Bridge to *Cadworthy* (or Cadover) *Bridge* the ravine exhibits a spectacle of savage grandeur unsurpassed in S. Devon. On the one hand the Dewerstone, on the other a precipitous hill-side thickly strewn with huge blocks of granite scattered in the wildest confusion; the river foaming and tumbling below; while wherever plant or tree can flourish, the oak and mountain ash, with bracken, furze, and heather, spread in rich luxuriance around. Those who are good at scrambling should follow up the river to Cadworthy. Those who are not may ascend the hill to Shaugh, with its well-proportioned little moorland ch.; and take the road to the left. From Cadworthy Bridge a sturdy pedestrian may go on to Meavy or Sheepstor, and so to Horrabridge; or by Lee Moor Clay Works to Cornwood or Plympton. If he be archæologically inclined and follow up the Plym, he can trace out some stone avenues.

An easier walk is from Shaugh Bridge through Bickleigh Vale to Marsh Mills; but this must be taken on Monday, Wednesday, or Saturday, when alone the vale is open. Distance about 4m.

The village of Bickleigh is "small and neat;" the ch. ditto. The station is the nearest to Maristow.

55m. MARSH MILLS. A roadside station near the junction of the Tavistock with the main line, about a mile from Plympton. The railway overlooks the vale almost the entire distance from Bickleigh.

Mutley and Plymouth, see Sect. XI.

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XI. PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND STONEHOUSE.

HOTELS — Plymouth: The *Royal, Duke of Cornwall, Grand, Harvey's, Globe, Farley, Chubb's, Albion.* Devonport: *Royal, Thomas's.* There are numerous houses for the accommodation of railway travellers near the Millbay station; and lodgings are plentiful. Light refreshments in Plymouth at Matthews's, Bedford Street; Clase's, George Street; many confectioners' shops, and the "Borough Arms" coffee-tavern, a superior establishment of its class, in Bedford Street.

Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, in common parlance *The Three Towns*, though in outward appearance they are but one, contain a joint population exceeding 150,000. At the last census the actual figures were—Plymouth, 75,096; Devonport, 48,745; Stonehouse, 15,125—138,966. They may be reached by either of the two railway routes described [Sects. VI. and X.], or by steamers from all the principal parts of the United Kingdom.

The Three Towns are the chief centre of trade and population in the Western Counties—a large shipping port, with numerous manufactures, and withal the finest naval and military arsenal in the country. Into the magnificent roadstead of Plymouth Sound flow the Tamar and the Plym. Plymouth, strictly speaking, is upon the Plym; Devonport, upon the Tamar; but both, with Stonehouse intermediate, line the N. shore of the Sound and stretch along the estuaries—Cattewater, of the Plym; Hamoaze, of the Tamar—for nearly 5m. The Sound is not only one of the most capacious, it is one of the most beautiful, harbours in the world, and its capabilities are very far as yet from being fully developed. No town or group of towns in England so perfectly combines the commonly diverging characteristics of a great commercial centre and a delightful holiday resort.

PLYMOUTH is more intimately connected with the vital history of the English nation than any other provincial town. Again and again has it made its mark in the national annals, from the days when the Black Prince used it as the centre of his operations against France down to our own time. As a village, under the name of Sutton, it had being before the Conquest, and there seem fair grounds for identifying it with the Saxon Tamarworth, if not with the Roman Tamara. For centuries it continued under the jurisdiction—so far at least as one of its divisions, Sutton Prior, was concerned—of the monks of the great Priory at Plympton.

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By the reign of Henry VI. the somewhile "inhabitation of fischars," as Leland describes its earlier state, had developed into a thriving seaport, whose ships were known on every European coast; whose vessels and seamen had played a leading part in such great warlike operations as the siege of Calais; and whose inhabitants had shown that they were well able to guard themselves against invasion, though in 1403 the Bretons did burn 600 of their houses. It was at Plymouth that Catherine of Arragon landed, and until 1879 there still stood the house in Stillman Street in which she was entertained by merchant Paynter. It was Plymouth that early in the reign of Henry VIII., emulating the great rival port of Bristol, sent forth the pioneers of English maritime adventure in the South Seas, chief of them "old Will. Hawkins" (father of the more famous Sir John), whom the king much esteemed for his skill in "sea causes." It was Plymouth that in the time of Elizabeth became the centre of the national struggle against Spain. Here Drake and Hawkins, Raleigh and Gilbert, Cavendish and Frobisher, Oxenham, and the whole host of Elizabethan worthies, prepared their expeditions. Hence they sailed and hither they brought back their booty. From Plymouth, Drake set forth on his famous voyage of circumnavigation, and to it he returned with his spoil-laden vessel, when, first of all Englishmen, he had ploughed his "furrow round the world." In the waters of Plymouth waited the little fleet which England had prepared to resist the Invincible Armada; while on the Hoe above its captains played that historic game of bowls, which Master Fleming interrupted with the news that the foe were at hand, and which Drake insisted on playing out then and there, rightly believing that there was time to "do that first, and thrash the Spaniards afterwards." A generation later, the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the 'Mayflower' to found the great republic of the West, and New Plymouth in New England still tells how dearly they loved the old town, by "divers Christians" whereof they had been so courteously entertained and kindly used. Another generation had not elapsed before Plymouth was once more in a fighting mood. Puritan to the backbone as it had always been, there was no hesitation in its siding with the Parliament against the King—no flinching from the cause it had adopted. For four years it was besieged and blockaded. It defied alike the force of the Cavalier generals, and the persuasions of Charles in person, and was equally invulner-

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able to treachery and assault. And when all the rest of Devon and Cornwall was in Royalist hands it kept alive the popular cause—"the keystone of liberty in the West of England." Charles II. built the citadel to curb this independence of spirit, under the guise of providing protection against the foreigner; but Plymouth only bided her time, and when William of Orange landed in Torbay was the first municipality in England to proclaim him king.

Stonehouse, the second in point of age of the Three Towns, has no separate history; and as to *Devonport*, though it can boast its fifty thousand inhabitants, it had no being two centuries since; for it was not until 1691 that William III. commenced the works of the little dockyard in which the town had its origin; and before that date the entire site of what is now Devonport was occupied by little farm steadings scattered over a wide expanse of furze-grown common. Now Devonport, with its Dockyard and Steamyard, its Factory and its Gunwharf, is one of the most important arsenals in the world; and when the whole of the governmental establishments and resources of the port are taken into account, is without a superior.

The mother ch. of Plymouth, St. Andrew, is a fine example of the Perp. style peculiar to the county, with long, low waggon roofs, and massive outlines. It has been well restored (Sir G. Scott, R.A., architect). Externally it presents the appearance of a nave and aisles continuous, with two transepts or chapels, and a W. tower. Internally the chancel and chancel aisles, which are of unusual dimensions, are defined by arches. Now that the whole area is open, and that the galleries have been entirely swept away, the great size of the ch. can be properly appreciated. The tower —with its massive proportions and simple dignified outline, unexcelled for boldness and effect in the county, was built by a merchant prince of the 15th century, one Thomas Yogge, the town finding the "stuff," about the year 1460. There is some good modern carving, the lectern by Messrs. Brindley and Farmer, the font and woodwork generally by H. Hems. The pulpit, designed by Mr. Hine, is a very elegant structure of Caen stone and local marble, on a base of granite. Of the old carving the bosses in the S. chancel aisle are most noteworthy. The E. window (Messrs. Burlison and Grylls), and W. (Messrs. Fouracre and Watson), are the best. Note two effigies, much mutilated, one of the 14th century, which are the sole relics of an older ch. The

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monuments, though some are quaint, are not of great interest. There is a fine bust of a former vicar, Zachary Mudge, by Chantrey: and a bas-relief in the Woollcombe monument by Westmacott. The heart of Blake, who died as his ship was entering Plymouth Sound, was buried in St. Andrew, and here also lies the body of Charles Matthews the elder.

Charles or *New Ch.* (St. Andrew being commonly called *Old Ch.*), is a remarkable example of 17th century Gothic, probably as fine as is to be found in the country, but blocked by galleries. There are some good modern churches, the most noteworthy being St. James (St. Aubyn, architect), All Saints, and St. Jude (J. Hine, architect); and Emmanuel (Reid, architect); although in only one of these cases has the original design yet been completed.

Plymouth is the seat of the Roman Catholic bishopric which includes Devon, Cornwall, and Dorset, and the Cathedral, dedicated to the Virgin and St. Boniface, is a very effective building in the E. Eng. style (Hansons, architects), with a tower and spire over 200 feet high. Of the Nonconformist places of worship the most notable is Sherwell chapel (Paull and Ayliffe, architects), a Gothic structure with a tower and spire. It belongs to the Independents, who have at Plymouth one of their colleges—the Western. The Wesleyan chapels, North Street and Mutley (Snell, architect), and the Baptist chapel, Mutley (Ambrose, architect), should also be mentioned.

Plymouth possesses the finest pile of municipal buildings in the West of England, and one of the most important structural developments of civic life that has been erected in this country during the present century. After being four years in building, the *Plymouth Guildhall* was opened by the Prince of Wales, Lord High Steward of the borough, on the 13th Aug., 1874. The buildings are in two blocks, arranged by the architects (A. Norman and J. Hine) to form, with the ch. of St. Andrew, three sides of a quadrangle, since completed by the new Post-office. The N. block contains the Council Chamber and Municipal Offices (see in the Mayor's parlour an original portrait of Drake). In the S. block is the great hall, and the law courts, and at its S.W. corner rises the great tower to a height of nearly 200 feet. It may be ascended on application to the attendant, and the view from the top is magnificent. There is a good deal of carving—armorial and other—on the exterior of the buildings. The style is E. Eng., the details as a whole bold rather

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than elaborate, with foreign characteristics. The ornamentation is judiciously concentrated, the wings being treated in broad and simple masses leading up to central features of richness and dignity. Tastes do differ, but few will question the merits of this imposing group of buildings, which appears to dominate the town from almost every point of view. Each of the gables is crowned by a life-sized statue; and at the principal entrances there are spirited emblematic carvings by Boulton. The great hall, which is open to the public during the day, is an exceedingly handsome room, 145 feet long by 85 feet wide and 70 feet in height. It consists of a nave, and narrow aisles opening into it by arcades, the pillars supporting which are each single blocks of polished granite. The hall is lit by fourteen four-light windows with traceried heads in the clerestory, which by the arrangement adopted is of unusual prominence. These windows have been filled with stained glass representing subjects from the local history, the whole being gifts from leading townsmen and others. All the windows are either by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of London, or Messrs. Fouracre and Watson, of Stonehouse. The two finest are the Armada window by the former, and the Siege window by the latter, and the last named, which has a peculiar interest in having been erected by the descendants of the besiegers and besieged, is decidedly without a superior. There is a noble organ, by Willis. In the square is a marble statue, by Stephens, of the late Mr. Rooker, twice mayor.

Plymouth, beyond St. Andrew ch., has few antiquities. The Perp. "prysten house," known as the Abbey, adjoins St. Andrew; and a few doorways in the lower part of the town are almost all that is left of the religious houses of the Carmelites, Franciscans, and Dominicans. There are also a few good Elizabethan houses. That, however, is about all. The walls have almost disappeared; the gates are gone; and of the old castle there is but a vestige.

The *Hoe* of Plymouth has a wide-spread reputation as a promenade; nor is the visitor likely to think it unworthy of its fame. A bold limestone plateau between the town and the Sound, it commands views of the most extensive and the most varied character—away to the Eddystone Lighthouse on the one hand, and to the tors of Dartmoor on the other. The E. end is occupied by the *Citadel*, a formidable fortification when it was built, just two centuries ago, but now only one item in a system of defences, the exterior

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cordon of which encircles at a considerable distance the whole of the Three Towns. The citadel is open to visitors, and the walk round its ramparts should by all means be taken. The gateway is elaborate and of good design, dated 1670. E. of the Hoe lies the ancient harbour of Sutton Pool. W. are the modern Great Western Docks, in Millbay. On the N. is Plymouth, with its towers and spires and far-reaching suburbs, with Dartmoor for a background—that "wild, mysterious region" of the poet. Plymouth has long been a yachting station, and the club house of the Royal Western Yacht Club faces the Hoe and commands the glorious prospect S., the Hoe's chiefest glory.

The Hoe is laid out with walks and seats; there are bathing places on the beaches below—one for ladies—and in the summer the bands of the regiments in garrison take it in turns to occupy the Hoe band stand.

A promenade *pier* has been built by a Company; and Smeaton's famous lighthouse was removed from the Eddystone reef, to be rebuilt on the Hoe by subscription. Here also is the site of a memorial to Drake, erected to commemorate the tercentenary of his circumnavigation, the statue being a replica of that given by the Duke of Bedford to Tavistock, by Boehm.

At the Plymouth Library, in Cornwall Street, is the *Cottonian Collection* of sketches, prints, and paintings, and various works of art. The prints are 5000 in number. The sketches include examples by Claude, Rembrandt, Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Domenichino, Correggio, the Carracci, Vandyke, Ruysdael, and many other artists. There are three portraits by Reynolds, bronzes by Cellini and others; with several fine carvings, illuminated MSS., &c. Admission free on application to the librarian.

In the new and handsome Museum of the Plymouth Institution, at the Athenæum, are really good collections of the birds and fishes of the district; suites of bones from the caverns and fissures of Oreston, Yealmpton, Stonehouse, and Torquay; good illustrations of the local geology and mineralogy; and some exceedingly interesting antiquities—articles found in a Romano-British cemetery at Mount Batten, including an all but unique bronze mirror—and an amber pommel from a Dartmoor barrow.

STONEHOUSE has few points of note. The parish ch. is one of the ugliest buildings erected in the worst days of architecture. The Government establishments are important,

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The Royal Naval Hospital is remarkably well planned for a hospital established a century ago; and the Royal Marine Barracks are among the best in the kingdom. (No lover of music, by the way, should miss the opportunity of hearing the Royal Marine Band.) The *Victualling Office* is a magnificent range of buildings, which cost about a million and a half, and occupies 15 acres of land, six embanked from the sea, and the rest hewn out of the rock. The buildings are of granite and limestone, of great height and imposing effect. The baking department is the chief object of interest to the visitor. Adjoining the Victualling Yard is *Devil's* (once Duval's) *Point*, a capital place for a stroll, with fine views of the Sound, Mount Edgcumbe, and Hamoaze.

DEVONPORT, as a town of such modern date, has no antiquities save the tower, which is all that remains of the former Dec. ch. of Stoke Damerel, within which ancient parish the whole of Devonport and its suburbs lie. The manor of Stoke Damerel includes nearly the whole of the town and its surroundings, and is the property of Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart. Hence the regularity observed in the laying out of the streets, impossible in a town of older date and of divided territorial authority. Devonport itself, the original name of which was Plymouth Dock, is enclosed landward by a deep trench and high wall, and a wide glacis beyond separates it from the older village of Stoke, now an attractive suburb with many villas, and the more modern addition of Morice Town, or, as it was originally called, Newpassage. The higher part of this glacis is laid out as a public walk and recreation ground for the inhabitants, and commands views over Hamoaze and the Cornish hills, the Sound, and the sister towns. Immediately within the wall are the principal barracks of the troops. Nearly the whole of the seaboard of Devonport is occupied by Government establishments, and the noble estuary of the Tamar is appropriated to the anchorage of men-of-war of all classes and sizes.

The ch. of Stoke Damerel, which has been rebuilt and added to very unarchitecturally at various times, is half a mile from the town, beyond the South-Western Railway Station, and close to the Royal Military Hospital. The best modern churches are those of St. Mary, St. Stephen, and St. James, all Dec. in style (St. Aubyn, architect); and St. Mark, Ford (A. Norman, architect). The numerous Dissenting chapels, like those of the sister towns, are as a rule plain; but among the exceptions are Christ Church Uni-

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tarian (Norman, architect), and the Wesleyan chapel at Stoke. The public buildings do not call for much remark. The *Townhall* is the work of the leading architect of the Three Towns half a century since (Foulston), who also designed the Royal Hotel and Theatre at Plymouth, and has an effective façade. Close by the Townhall a fine granite Doric *Column* rises to a total height of 125 feet from the street below. It was erected at a cost of 2750*l.* to commemorate the change of the name of the town from Plymouth Dock to Devonport. It is open to visitors on payment of a small fee, and should by all means be ascended. It stands on the highest ground within the walls of Devonport. The Royal Albert Hospital (Norman, architect) holds a high rank among provincial hospitals, and for the efficiency and completeness of its arrangements is excelled by no hospital in the kingdom. The plans were submitted to Miss Nightingale, whose recommendations were embodied. At the Free Library in Duke Street is a fine collection of minerals, the gift of the late Sir John St. Aubyn, to the town, which may be seen on application.

Facing Mount Edgcumbe is *Mount Wise*, so named from the manor house of the Wises, once owners of the manor, which crowned its rugged height. It is now the naval and military head-quarters of the port and district, with the residences of the Port Admiral and the Lieut.-Governor, the Commander-in-Chief of the Western district. The batteries are strongly mounted with guns, and on the top of the hill, beyond a bronze statue to Lord Seaton, is the signal station, whence orders are signalled to the ships in the Sound and in harbour. This was one of the old semaphore stations, by which telegraphing was conducted so far back as eighty or ninety years ago. A chain of stations occupied the highest land between Dock and London; and it is said that messages were sent to London and answers received in twenty minutes.

The *Dockyard* and associated establishment are open during working hours to British subjects, without other formality than that of making application at the Gates. Foreigners are only admitted by special order from the Admiralty. The entrance to the Dockyard is from Fore Street, Devonport; that to the Keyham Yard from William Street, Morice Town; but the two yards communicate with each other and with the Gunwharf, which lies between, by a tunnel. They occupy about a hundred acres.

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The Dockyard looks anything but a busy place, on entering. Everything is so quiet and so prim, from the huge square chapel to the trim little avenue which leads to the Terrace whereon the resident officers live, that one might almost imagine that the Government had taken a turn at a "strike." But a very few minutes will dispel this idea, by taking the visitor into the midst of a scene of bustling, though orderly activity—where docks and building sheds, shops and smitheries, rope-houses and mast-ponds, wharves and jetties, elbow each other in what to the stranger must be a most bewildering fashion. To attempt here anything like a detailed description would be idle. Go where the visitor may he will find matters to interest if not to astonish; and there are few who will not be impressed by the sight of the skeleton of some huge ship receiving form and substance from the united efforts of the seeming pigmies who swarm among its ribs, or by the spectacle of some great ironclad in the deep cavity of a dock, shored and strutted on an even keel, while within and without ring the hammers of an army of active workers.

The *Keyham Yard* is not a building yard, but one for engineering work and repairs. It has two basins and three docks, and the Factory is fitted with the most complete and efficient machinery for all manner of boiler and engine work. The two establishments together are second to no naval arsenal in the world for extent and accommodation, and hardly a year passes but some new work is undertaken to keep them up to the progress of the times. There is not a dock in the old Dockyard that has not been reconstructed to meet the requirements of the increased size of the vessels they were intended to receive, and though Keyham was only commenced in 1844, the same process has had to be carried out there. Great, indeed, has been the change since William III., in 1690, had a tiny basin and dock hewn out of the slate rock at Point Froward, when the whole Dockyard did not occupy half a dozen acres of land.

One of the finest views of Devonport and its surroundings is that from the Blockhouse, Stoke.

Excursions from Plymouth and Devonport.

1. Everybody who visits Plymouth goes to *Mount Edgcumbe*, of which Garrick declared:

> "Fame lies, 'tis not Stratford; this, this is the spot
> Where Genius on Nature our Shakspere begot;"

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and which, it is said, Medina Sidonia, Admiral of the Armada, intended to take as his share of the spoil. It is one of the loveliest domains in the kingdom, with rich woods, noble prospects, and an ever-varying succession of charms, of which the waters that sweep round it do not supply the least. The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe opens the Park to the public every Wednesday; on other days admission may be obtained by applying at the Manor Office, Emma Place, Stonehouse. The Admiral's Hard, Stonehouse, Mount Wise, and Mutton Cove, Devonport, are the most convenient places to take boat for Cremyll, where the entrance to the Park is. Fares: 3*d.*, or 2*d.*, for two persons, 1*d.* each beyond. Mount Edgcumbe house contains several fine family portraits, among which the Reynoldses and the Lelys are prominent. By Lely there are the first Earl of Sandwich, his wife, their daughter, and Sir Richard Edgcumbe, her husband. Reynolds is represented by George, first Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and Lady Mount Edgcumbe; Richard, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, and other members of the family. Several Vanderveldes have a peculiar interest from the fact that they were painted at Mount Edgcumbe.

If instead of returning through the Park (which contains cottages where "water is boiled and tea made") to Cremyll, it is left at the gate by Maker ch., a road will be found leading over Maker Heights, with their grass-grown redoubts (relics of the great French war) to the fishing villages of Cawsand and Kingsand, commonly known by the former name—rare smuggling haunts in time of yore. On the hill side above is one of the forts of modern days; and a pleasant road leads out through the fir trees to Penlee Point. Hence the cliffs can be followed to *Rame Head*, the most picturesque headland on this section of coast. It commands the full sweep of Whitsand Bay, with its jagged rocks, beetling crags, and fair white sands. The headland is peninsular, with a narrow isthmus; and on the outer peak is a little chapel of unknown date, but not later than the earlier part of the 15th century, and possibly much earlier. The early records of Plymouth contain frequent entries of payments to the watchman at Rame. The chapel is only 20 feet × 16, and the roof is formed by a continuation inward of the walls. The village of Rame lies a mile inland, and either through it or by the cliffs, which so far as Tregantle Fort are skirted by a military road, the tourist may find his way to the *Grotto*, an excavation hewn in the rock by a

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naval lieutenant, named Lugger, as a remedy for the gout! The most direct way back is to take the road to Millbrook; thence returning, if the tide serves, to Devonport or Plymouth by boat. Those who are disposed for a still longer stroll, may walk from Millbrook along the borders of the Lake (properly a creek), and through fields to Cremyll. Another route is through the pleasant little village of St. John to the steam-ferry bridge between Torpoint, and Morice Town, Devonport. This is the road taken by vehicles. At *Inceworth*, in the parish of St. John, is a chapel of transitional character between E. Eng. and Dec. It now forms a part of some farm buildings, and the undercroft has been used as a stable. Mr. Street calls it a little "gem." The windows are lancet with trefoiled heads, with the exception of the E. This is two-light, and there is a quatrefoil in each gable.

Maker Heights are reached without passing through the Park by taking the main road direct from Cremyll. The first turning on the right leads to Millbrook, but the pleasantest way of reaching that village is to go through the field in which the Obelisk landmark stands, and so on by Empacombe. If boat is taken to Millbrook, the cliffs of Whitsand Bay are within 1½m.

2. The *Breakwater* is the finest work of the kind in the kingdom. It stretches across the Sound, at a distance of about two miles from Plymouth, and was just thirty years in construction—commenced in 1812, and finished in 1841. The central line is 3000 feet in length, with an arm at each end, tending N. at an angle of 120 degrees, of 1050. It is built of masses of limestone thrown into the sea rough as raised from the quarry; and the upper part paved and faced with limestone and granite blocks. Nearly 4½ million tons of stone were used in the work. At the W. end of the breakwater is a granite lighthouse 60 feet in height; and immediately within the breakwater, at its centre, is a huge granite-built and iron-cased island fort. The most convenient place to take boats to the Breakwater is the Hoe landing place. The fare, one to three passengers, is 2*s*.

3. The *Eddystone Lighthouse* stands upon a reef of isolated rocks, 14m. S.S.W. of Plymouth. The present is the fourth which has been erected on these rocks. The first lighthouse, that of Winstanley, completed in 1700, was washed away, with its architect, in a furious storm, and no trace left but a link of chain wedged into a cleft. The second, Rudyard's, though

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wholly of wood, stood nearly fifty years, but was destroyed by fire in 1755. Smeaton then undertook the work, and completed his task in 1759. All the material was prepared before it was taken to the rock, and the whole time spent in actual building did not amount to sixteen weeks. From the date of its completion it remained firm and unshaken; and its removal was rendered necessary not by any defect in its construction, but from a weakening of its rocky base. The new lighthouse (Douglass's) is a much more imposing structure than its predecessor. It was opened in 1882. There are frequent steamer trips to the Eddystone in summer.

4. Steamers run every half hour from North Corner, Devonport, to *Saltash* (4m.). This is one of the easiest and pleasantest ways of seeing the Royal Albert Bridge, Brunel's masterpiece.

5. Steamers also run half-hourly between the Barbican, Plymouth, and Mount Batten, Turnchapel, and Oreston, on the other side of Cattewater. *Mount Batten* is a capital place for a beach scramble. From Turnchapel there is an interesting walk through Hooe to the pleasant grounds of Radford. At Turnchapel and Oreston are the largest limestone and marble quarries in the neighbourhood. One of the best walks that a fair walker can take in this direction is to follow the cliff line as nearly as he can, over the Heights to Bovisand and its forts, and thence on to Wembury, thus skirting the whole of the E. of the Sound. The return may be made through *Plymstock*, the ch. of which contains a good screen, and so to Oreston or Turnchapel. This would be 10 to 12m.; but to reach the Heights and enjoy the view, is only the matter of 1½m. or so from the landing place.

6. By railway many an excursion may be made. *Plympton*, *Cornwood*, *Ivybridge* [see Sect. VI.], *Bickleigh*, *Princetown*, *Horrabridge*, *Tavistock*, *Lydford*, and *Okehampton* [see Sect. X.] are all not only within convenient distance, and abounding in charms, but they are all the subject of special holiday arrangements during the summer months, the railway companies issuing tickets to them various days in the week at very moderate fares.

7. *Saltram*, the seat of the Earl of Morley, should if possible be visited. The grounds are extensive and well wooded. The nearest approach is by the Laira Bridge; but there is another entrance to the park close to the Marsh Mills Station [Sect. X.]. There is a road through the grounds, which are frequently accessible, and the house is shown.

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At the commencement of the 16th century Saltram was the residence of that Sir James Bagge, who, by his greed and rapacity, well earned the title of "the bottomlesse Bagge." It was purchased by George Parker, of Boringdon, near Plympton, in 1712; and the house erected early in the last century by Lady Catherine Parker. John Parker was created a peer by the style of the old family seat, as Lord Boringdon, in 1774; and his son became the first Earl of Morley in 1815. This nobleman displayed singular business tact and energy. He carried out very important works of reclamation by embankment on the Laira, for which he received the gold medal of the Society of Arts. He erected the cast-iron bridge over the Laira, on the plan of the late J. M. Rendel, who subsequently became engineer of Portland and Holyhead harbours and other important works, but who was then a very young man; he also became the first chairman of the Port of Plymouth Chamber of Commerce, the oldest in England—an office since continuously held by his son, and now by his grandson, the present Earl. Saltram House contains the finest collection of the works of Reynolds in existence, chiefly family portraits.

There is a very characteristic portrait of Sir Joshua himself by Angelica Kauffman. The general collection includes works by Titian (the "Bacchanalians"); Guido ("St. Catherine" and "Holy Family"); Rubens ("Female figures"); Correggio ("Marriage of St. Catherine"); Vandyke ("Bolingbroke portraits"); Carracci ("St. Anthony and Christ"); Cuyp ("Cattle"); Guercino ("Death of St. Paul"); Sabbatini ("The Assumption"); Sassoferrato ("Madonna and Child"); G. Poussin ("Flight into Egypt"); Carlo Dolce ("The Adoration of the Shepherds"); Caravaggio ("Tribute Money"); Palamede; Salvator Rosa ("Soldiers amid Rocks"); Andrea del Sarto ("Madonna and Child"); Wouvermans, Hudson, Berghem, Snyders, Jansen, Albano, Wilson, Rosa di Tivoli, Northcote, Johns, and others.

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RIVER EXCURSIONS.

XII. THE TAMAR.

There is no more enjoyable excursion from Plymouth than that "up the river"—the river being of course the Tamar, which, as Drayton sings,

> "Swoopes along with such a lustie traine,
> As fits so brave a flood, two counties that divides."

In the summer trips up the Tamar by steamer from Plymouth and Devonport are almost of daily occurrence, the tickets being generally sold at 1*s.* 6*d.*

Rounding Devil's Point, with Mount Edgcumbe on the one hand, the Victualling Office on the other, and Mount Wise in front, the steamer enters Hamoaze, the anchorage of the ships of war that lie in ordinary at Devonport, "sleeping on their shadows" until the hoarse trump of war stirs them into life. The steamer threads her way amongst them, now passing some stately old-fashioned three-decker (alas, there are few of them left), then sweeping by some ugly ironclad or unshiply and unshapely turret vessel, and gliding along a line of midge-like gunboats. The batteries of Mount Wise give place to the building sheds of the Dockyard, these to the ordnance-laden quays of the Gunwharf, these again to the noble Docks of Keyham. Backing the whole are the streets and houses of Devonport. Not far above Keyham, on the left, the Notter river enters the Tamar through its estuary the *Lynher* ("long lake"), and here the beauties of the Tamar begin. *Antony* (W. H. P. Carew, Esq.) lies in the S. angle of the junction of the Lynher and Tamar, and its woods sweep down to the water's edge. High on the other bank of the Lynher rises the rugged keep of *Trematon*, one of the castles of the pre-ducal Earls of Cornwall. Opposite the mouth of the Lynher are the Government powder works and magazines of Kinterbury

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and Bull Point; but ere they are reached Brunel's great masterpiece, the *Royal Albert Bridge*, is in full view, leaping the Tamar, here narrowed to a quarter of a mile in width, in two great spans. The bridge is 2240 feet long, with nineteen openings; and the roadway of the river spans hangs from two huge arched tubes, which meet upon a pier carried up from midchannel, its foundation 80 feet below the surface. Each tube weighs 1100 tons, and has a span of 445 feet, and their surface area is seven acres. No one has seen the Albert Bridge at its best who has not seen it from the river. There alone can the width of its spans, its height of 170 feet, and the elegance and symmetry of its construction be fully realized.

Directly above Saltash the Tamar broadens to a lovely lake. Far on the right rise the blue hills of Dartmoor, high on the left frown the gaunt sides of Hingston Down, where Ecgberht beat the British and their Danish allies. But there are objects of interest close at hand. Looking down upon river and bridge is *St. Budeaux* ch., garrisoned for the Royalists when Plymouth was besieged. It is a late Perp. fabric (rest.), with a choice monument in slate to the Gorges, admirably restored, partly at the cost of the Historical Society of Maine. Hard by are some of the modern forts which form the defensive cincture of the Three Towns. Farther still on the Devon shore, beyond the deep woods of *Warleigh*, the *Tavy* pours its tributary stream [Sect. X.].

And on the Cornish shore opposite is the little hamlet of Cargreen, in the parish of *Landulph*. The ch. contains the remains of Theodore Palæologus, descendant and representative of the Christian Emperors of Constantinople, who died here in 1636. Landulph and Beeralston may be conveniently reached by boat from Devonport, or Saltash.

To return to the steamer. The Tamar contracts as suddenly as it widened. Note on the right bank the "burrows" and deserted buildings of the famous silver-lead mines of Beer, worked for many centuries, drowned out not many years since by a breach in the bed of the river. The channel winds and returns upon itself in most tortuous fashion, and cliff and sedgy marsh, wood and meadow, are passed in rapid alternation until *Pentillie Castle* (Colonel Coryton) comes into view. It is a picturesque building on a fine site. A tower behind it has an ugly reputation. The story goes that it was built by Sir John Tilly as his burial place, and that he, being an atheist, was placed therein when

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dead, seated at a table—with bottle and pipe before him. This was the "yarn" put into print eighty years since by Gilpin, Prebendary of Salisbury, a man of easy faith; and although untrue in every particular, save in the fact of Sir John being buried under the tower, it is heartily believed now, to the damage of the reputation of a man who seems to have been exceptionally God-fearing. The "lie." has got too long a start for the truth.

Pentillie passed, Cotehele Quay is quickly reached. This is the place of landing for

Cotehele House, one of the most perfect and interesting examples in the kingdom of the old transitional fortified mansion, intermediate between the Edwardian castle, and the purely domestic house of later date—of Tudor days. It came into the hands of its present owners, the Edgcumbes, about 1353, by the marriage of William of Edgcumbe, of Edgcumbe near Tavistock, with Hilaria, heiress of the Coteheles; and though most of the existing buildings are of more recent date, the south front and entrance gateway are in part evidently portions of the older hall. The main buildings of Cotehele form a perfect quadrangle—the inner court—from which there is an opening on the west into a retainers' court. The north of the quadrangle is occupied by the common hall—the principal apartments forming a northern wing—with the chapel adjoining, in the N.W. angle. The chapel and hall, with some other portions of the house, were erected by Sir Richard Edgcumbe and his son Sir Piers between 1485 and 1539. The hall is 44 feet by 23, with a good open timber roof, some interesting heraldic glass in the windows, and set about with arms, many of which did stout service when Colonel Edgcumbe held Mount Edgcumbe for King Charles. Cotehele is not only venerable and interesting in itself, but for what it contains. The principal rooms are hung with fine tapestry, and the furniture is antique to match. Time has dealt kindly with Cotehele, and its lords have not been given to throw aside the relics of the past. On its walls still hang the curious brass trumpets brought back from Ireland by Sir Richard Edgcumbe when he went thither as ambassador for Henry VII., to administer the oath of allegiance after the Simnel insurrection; there are still preserved the housings used by Mary Edgcumbe—maid of honour to Elizabeth—"in the glittering train of the great Gloriana." House, pictures, arms, tapestry, plenishings—all are old and have grown old together, till

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Cotehele, embosomed amidst its stately chestnuts, seems like a region where the world has stood still for the past three centuries. Cotehele is frequently open to visitors by the steamers; and at other times inquiry should be made at the Manor Office, Emma Place, Stonehouse.

On the precipitous bank of the river at Cotehele is a small votive chapel, which witnesses to the danger and the piety of Sir Richard Edgcumbe. Lancastrian in sentiment, in 1483 he joined the Duke of Buckingham's rising against the "hog" Richard. The rising failed, and Edgcumbe had to fly. He was pursued to Cotehele by Sir Henry Trenowth of Bodrugan, and escaped when hard pressed by throwing his cap with a stone in it into the river, while he lay perdu above. The splash was heard, the cap was seen, and so, in the idea that the hunted man had drowned himself, the chase was given up. Richard Edgcumbe escaped to Brittany, and when he returned with Harry of Richmond, hunted down, in his turn, Henry of Bodrugan, whose estates he received, and built this little chapel in the woods.

Calstock may be reached either by the river or by walk from Cotehele; which course should be adopted depends very much upon the tide. Calstock is a dirty, uninviting village, but it is a capital spot for refreshing the inner man. The grandest part of the Tamar lies between Calstock and the Weir Head. The river makes a great bend of four miles, returning on itself to within half a mile of the village, Calstock ch. standing high on the isthmus. The woods here sweep the waters so closely, and the channel, though deep, is so narrow, that the steamers brush the branches as they pass. Between *Morwellham* and the *Weir Head*, the river flows through a deep gorge, which expands just enough to allow a narrow strip of meadow in the bottom by the side of the still winding stream. The hills on the Cornish side rise sharply from the water's edge, wooded from base to summit. On the Devonshire side the valley is enclosed by precipitous cliffs, clothed with ivy and trailing undergrowth, from which jut forth here and there huge pinnacles of rock rising tier above tier to a height of 300 feet. These are the *Morwell Rocks*, and easily accessible from Morwellham. There is hardly in all Devon a finer view than that from their summits. The river flows far below—a thread of silver on a carpet of green. Not a swell, or a ridge, or hollow is there but is clothed with the most luxuriant foliage, which these great crags save from all approach to insipidity or tameness.

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A day should be devoted to this excursion, though occasionally it is made an afternoon trip. The Tamar is navigable nearly 25m.

River Excursions.

XIII. THE DART.

[For Totnes and Dartmouth, see Sects. VI. and VII.]

The DART is one of the most delightful of English rivers. Its only fault is that it is navigable for so short a distance. From Totnes to Dartmouth the navigation is but 10 m.; but these 10 m. are literally crowded with beauties, and there is nothing tame or uninteresting along their whole range. The Dart during the season is easily enjoyed; steamers plying twice a day between Totnes and Dartmouth from May to October, at times dependent on the tide. The fares are: single journey, 1*s.* 3*d.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*; return, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.*; during the summer, also, circular tickets are issued by the Great Western Railway Company from the chief stations on the South Devon Railway, which enable passengers to make the round from Totnes to Dartmouth, and along the Torbay branch to Newton, and so to Totnes again, or *vice versâ*, or to the station of departure. When the steamers are not running, or should a more independent means of conveyance be preferred, boats may be hired either at Totnes Quay, or Dartmouth New Ground.

For the first mile or so of its course from Totnes the river runs tolerably straight, between high, well-wooded banks, sloping upwards suddenly on either side, and in part almost precipitous. Charming views of Totnes meet the backward glance; and when these are shut out, and the boat nears the first bend of the river, the peculiar beauties of the Dart commence. On the right spread the rich lawns and deep woods of *Sharpham* (R. Durant, Esq.), a domain which in sylvan beauty has few equals even in fair Devon, and no superior. Each sweep of the river issues in new variations of changeful loveliness; and as curve after curve opens up new points of view, one is puzzled to decide whether amid these delights spring or summer or autumn should bear the palm. But at Sharpham no season seems out of place. The character of the foliage is so varied and its extent so great that there is a constant changefulness of

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form and colour. Sharpham is reputed to have the finest rookery in England; and certainly the rookery is enormous. It is also noted for its heronry; and not a few of these "fishers of the solitude" may now and again be seen standing in stately case on "the river's brim."

Below the Gut the river widens, the woods thin out, the hills grow bolder. At *Duncannon* on the left there is a ferry, and here passengers are taken up. Close by is a quarry of tough "greenstone," which has supplied material for macadamizing the streets of London. *Bow Creek*, a picturesque and capacious inlet, opens on the right; and a little below, on the left, is a petty creek, on the verge of which rises the ivy-clad tower of the ch. of *Stoke Gabriel*, with its fine yew hard by. Still widening, at *Galmpton Reach*, or Bay, the channel of the river spreads into a capacious basin nearly two miles wide. Ere this is reached, however, *Sandridge*, residence of the late Lord Cranston, and birthplace of Davis, the navigator, is seen on the left, with *Waddeton Court* (H. Studdy, Esq.) not far distant. On the right is Goader Point, with the twin villages of Higher and Lower *Dittisham* occupying the neck of the little peninsula. Dittisham, embosomed in fruit gardens, is the second "port of call." In addition to its fruit it is famous for its cockles, and the Dittisham women will "feather an oar" with ever a man on the river. Below Galmpton Bay not only does the Dart contract suddenly to more modest dimensions, but its channel is divided into two by a sharp rock called the *Anchor Stone*, the place where on occasion, so sayeth local tradition, more shrews than one have been tamed. On the left is *Greenway*, once the domain of the famous Gilberts, and not far below the Dartmouth and Torbay Railway, having pierced the neck of land between Churston and Galmpton, emerges on the river side and follows its windings down to Kingswear.

And now the trip approaches its close. Once abreast of the railway the goal is in sight. Dartmouth harbour opens to the view, with the cadet ship *Britannia* moored in mid-channel, in the distance the quaint terraces of Dartmouth and the villas of Kingswear, while beyond both the hills wind away to the not distant though as yet invisible sea.

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ROAD EXCURSIONS.

XIV. DARTMOOR.

No one knows Devonshire who has not visited Dartmoor —that great central waste of rolling upland, peaked tor and rocky valley; where, mile after mile, the fern and the heather luxuriate, and the gorse spreads, ever ranging between the purple and green and gold of summer, and the rich olive and russet of autumn; where the crests of the ridges and the slopes of the hills are strewn with the traces of men who peopled these wide solitudes long ere England became England; where the hills swell like the undulations of some great stony ocean, and the cloud-shadows sweep over the dusky moors far and wide as they flit over the silent sea. "If you want sternness and loneliness pass into Dartmoor. There are wastes and wilds, crags, of granite, views into far-off districts, and the sound of waters hurrying away over their rocky beds, enough to satisfy the largest hungering and thirsting after poetical delight." And yet it is not all waste and wild. Follow the brawling little mountain streams from the great peat bogs down the valleys till, joining their forces, a river descends to the fair lowlands, and you will see that the fertility of Devon is due to this huge granitic boss. Why there are no fresher and greener nooks in all England than some of these border valleys, where nestle, quaint and grey, amid their clusters of trees, not a few ancient homesteads. Yet of Dartmoor itself it is almost as true as when its poet Carrington wrote:

"It is a spot, almost unknown—untrod."

Still is it true that the "traveller must turn him from the beaten track of men" to find it. For although it is now girdled by railways the roads that traverse it are few, and in the N. quarter there are none. And the most daring railway scheme has hitherto attempted no more than a line to Princetown, which is merely on its southern verge.

Roughly speaking, Dartmoor is 25m. in extreme length

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N. to S., and 20m. in greatest breadth from E. to W. The outline is irregular, and it is estimated to contain about 130,000 acres. The average height of this great upland is quite 1200 feet above sea level, while its highest points exceed 2000. These are in its N. quarter. Yes Tor is 2050 feet high; Amicombe Hill and Fur Tor each 2000; Newlake Hill, 1925; and Cosdon (Cawsand) Beacon, 1792. On the E. we have Hamildon, 1738; Rippon Tor, 1549; Holne Ridge, 1785. And in the S. quarter Great Mis Tor rises to the height of 1760 feet; N. Hessary Tor, 1730; Shell Top, 1600; Pen Beacon, 1470. These tors are hills with, for the most part, crests of granite, which assume many grotesque forms, and not unfrequently appear like the rude masonry of a race of giants.

Dartmoor is not a place to be dealt with delicately. Its finest points are unapproachable by vehicle, and nobody should try it "cross country" on horseback who has not had an initiation into Devonshire fox-hunting with the "Trelawney hounds." With the exception of a few main roads Dartmoor is to the stranger trackless, though the moormen have their well-known routes. However Dartmoor is worth all the trouble and the pains that even a partial acquaintance with it may cost. One thing must be borne in mind; while a stout pair of legs and a good map are indispensable to anyone attempting an exploration on his own account, a pocket compass is no less essential. A Dartmoor fog is no joking matter. With a compass and a map, indeed, one cannot go very far wrong; and failing them, if the road is lost, the best thing to be done is to follow down the course of the next stream. Some supply of provisions should also be taken; for hotels are very scarce articles on the Moor. And while the "light-heart" of the song is certainly to be recommended, it would be by no means advisable to depend upon a garment of so tender a character as is suggested in conjunction.

Various points from which the Moor may be assailed have already been indicated. Brent, Ivybridge, and Cornwood [Sect. VI.]; Bovey, Lustleigh, Moreton, Chagford [Sect. VIII.]; Ashburton [Sect. IX.]; Okehampton, Bridestowe, Lydford, Tavistock, Horrabridge, Bickleigh [Sect. X.]. It will in many instances be found a good plan, instead of returning by the same route, to cross from one of these places to another; and those who have little time had better make their way viâ Yelverton to Princetown by rail.

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The main road over the Moor is that from Tavistock to Moretonhampstead, about 21m. This is joined at Two Bridges by two others, one of which is the Plymouth road to Princetown, and the other the main road W. from Ashburton. The first route is the most interesting and will serve as a key to the other two.

The ascent to the Moor from Tavistock is to the right of Mount Tavy (J. Carpenter Garnier, Esq., M.P.), and it is a stiff pull up hill ere we fairly rise clear of the cultivated border belt into the broad expanse and bracing air of the moorland proper. *Cocks Tor*, on the left, and *Pewtor*, on the right, are the first outposts of Carrington's "wild and wondrous region" to meet the eye. As the road winds round the flank of the former it overlooks a wide stretch of country. Below lies Tavistock, the centre of a shallow basin of fertility. N. is the sharp peak of Brent Tor; then the battle-memoried heights of Hingston close in the prospect; to the W. a reach of the Tamar with the Albert Bridge is visible; and more to the S. the fortifications of Staddon.

The brow of the hill reached, the first true moorland landscape breaks on the view, with its sober browns and greens and greys, its broidery of golden furze and purple heather, its wide undulations, craggy peaks, and flitting shadows. On the left are the rock-strewn slopes of the *Staple* or *Steeple Tors*; far on the lowland to the right the massive pile of *Vixen Tor*, the most difficult in ascent on the Moor, now like the Sphinx in outline, anon giving the semblance of a couchant lion, and again rocks and nothing more.

4m. from Tavistock is *Merrivale Bridge*, to which the road dips suddenly on the one side and from which it rises as rapidly on the other. On the plateau above to the right is one of the most curious groups of antiquities on the Moor, sometimes called the plague market, from a tradition that they were used for market purposes when Tavistock was attacked by the plague. They extend along the slope of the hill for nearly a mile; and include "in addition to the avenues or parallelitha, and sacred circles," specimens of almost all the other monuments of aboriginal antiquity. The longest avenue is 1143 feet long, the other, 105 feet distant, is nearly 800. Associated with these avenues are circles, the remains of cromlechs, the finest menhir on the Moor, 12 feet in height, a "pound," and a number of hut-circles. Moreover, on the top of *Mis Tor* is one of the most

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perfect rock basins—Mis Tor Pan, 3 feet in diameter and 8 inches deep. There was a time when these rock basins, which are of frequent occurrence on the granite rocks all over the Moor, were deemed artificial, and, like everything else Dartmoorian, put down to the Druids. The geologist claims them as the simple product of natural causes.

Beyond Merrivale the next objects of interest are Great Mis Tor on the left, and the granite quarries on the right; and soon after passing some little cottier farmhouses, the most hut-like modern dwellings as a class in Devon, the outskirts of the farm attached to the convict prisons comes in sight. A road on the left leads direct to Two Bridges, and therefore is the straightest road to Moretonhampstead; but a very brief circuit will include *Princetown* in the route; and at Princetown are not only the *Prisons*, but means of refreshment for the inner man at the Duchy Hotel. The prisons here were originally founded in 1806 for the reception of prisoners of war, of whom there were at one time several thousand incarcerated. After the termination of the war in 1816 they were allowed to fall into decay, and were occasionally used for various purposes, the most important of which was as a naphtha manufactory. Nothing prospered, however, and so in 1850 it was decided to convert them into a convict prison. The original gateway still stands, with its motto "Parcere subjectis," and some of the old buildings, but they have been largely added to. The prisons are no longer open to visitors except by special order, but the convicts can be seen working in the prison farm around, under the care of armed warders. This farm, though originally a wild waste, is now an oasis in the desert, and shows what the natural capabilities of Dartmoor really are. Though Princetown is cold in winter, the climate is very healthy and the air pure and bracing. Consumption is almost unknown among the inhabitants of the Moor. There is a good view from N. Hessary Tor, immediately contiguous to the prison, which commands the W. border of the Moor, between Princetown and the railway at Horrabridge, and the country beyond right away to Plymouth Sound. In 1823 a railway was opened from Plymouth to King Tor, near Princetown, for the granite quarries; and this has been partially adapted to locomotive purposes in the construction of the branch line to Princetown from Yelverton on the Tavistock railway. Princetown is therefore now an easy moorland centre. [Sect. X.]

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The road to the left from the Duchy leads to *Two Bridges*. Note on the way, right, the *clapper bridge* over the Blackabrook. This is one of a style of ancient bridges peculiar to the Moor, consisting of large slabs of granite resting on rude granite piers, piled up without mortar—a true form of Cyclopean masonry. At Two Bridges is a good inn, which forms by no means a bad point for those who are enabled to devote some time to moorland research. To the E. is the road by Dennabridge Pound on to Dartmeet, where the waters of the E. and W. Dart unite, and so on to Ashburton (20m. from Tavistock). *Dennabridge Pound* is still used for what we may fairly imagine to have been its primitive purpose, as an enclosure for cattle when the Moor is being "driven" to ascertain that unlicensed stock are not pastured within the forest limits.

Two of old Risdon's "wonders of the Moor" are close to Two Bridges. Above Two Bridges rises *the* tor of the Moor, "Deserted *Crockern*," nearly equidistant from the Stannary towns of the county, whereon from time immemorial the Tinners' Parliaments were wont to assemble, and transact their business, though in later days the custom was to meet on Crockern and adjourn to some more convenient spot. There is little doubt that these "Parliaments" had their origin before the Conquest. They ceased early in the last century. There were stone seats hewn in the granite for the stannators and their officials, but the hand of the moorland Vandal has destroyed them.

Visible from the inn, too, is *Wistman's Wood*, a weird collection of stunted scrubby oaks, clothed with moss, growing amid huge blocks of granite, averaging barely nine feet in height, and, dwarfed and aged as they are, still in vigorous leaf—the last representatives of the ancient "forest of Dartmoor." There is nothing like them anywhere else, and centuries seem to have wrought no change. When the Druidophobia was at its height, and artificial rock basins were found on every tor, this was considered a Druidical grove.

Continuing on the Moreton Road, two exceedingly fine tors are seen, peaked *Belliver*, right ahead, and castellated *Longaford*, far to the left. A little farther are the Dartmoor Powderworks, and just before entering *Post Bridge* some thriving plantations. Post Bridge is a rough-and-ready sort of village, with a special claim to notice in the finest clapper bridge on the Moor. There are three piers, each formed of six layers of granite, and the roadway consisted of two huge

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stone slabs, 15 feet long and 6 feet wide, one of which has been displaced. Soon after leaving Post Bridge, Merripit Hill, which is one of the stiffest on the route, is ascended, and the scenery becomes still wilder and bolder than before. Few traces of cultivation are to be seen; but there are plenty of evidences of the operation of the tin streamers of old. *Vitifer* Mine, not far distant on the right, is a modern continuation of their labours on the ancient site. Farther to the E., beneath Hamildon, lies *Grimspound* [Sect. VIII.]. And then still ruggeder grows the landscape, until on reaching the top of a steep ascent Cosdon looms in the distance, and through a wide valley an outlook of marvellous beauty is gained for many a mile over the rich pastures and verdant meads of N. Devon.

Instead of continuing on the road to Moreton [Sect. VIII.], we may diverge right for Grimspound and Widdecombe, which will, however, lengthen the round by some miles. Grimspound has not yet been described. It lies on the N.W. slope of Hamildon, between Hamildon and Hooknor. The enclosure is the most remarkable of the moorland pounds, and the wall may fairly be called Cyclopean. In parts it is 20 feet thick at the base, but does not exceed 6 feet in height. The area enclosed is between 4 and 5 acres, and it contains several hut-circles. A village of some sort it undoubtedly was, but whether it was an aboriginal fortress or a cattle pound with dwellings for the keepers, has been greatly controverted since the Druidical ideas were abandoned. Mr. Spence Bate, F.R.S., gives it a Scandinavian origin, and ascribes it to a party of Northmen working the tin streams in the valley below; erected for their protection against the natives. The cattle-pound theory is the most generally accepted.

It is a singular and delightful spectacle that meets the eye of him who has crossed the Moor from Grimspound, and from the crest of Hamildon suddenly sees the broad vale of *Widdecombe*—Wide-combe, though pronounced as a trisyllable—open at his feet. In the midst of the rough moorland pastures and rugged tors of this great upland a lovely oasis suddenly appears—green, fertile, dotted with trees and farm steadings—down in a valley so deep that the stately ch. tower is dwarfed into littleness, and that it seems impossible to believe this rich bottom land, 1000 feet beneath one, is itself 800 feet above the sea.

Widdecombe ch. has been called the "Cathedral of the

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Moor;" and the tower, which is said to have been built voluntarily by a company of successful tinners, for "sharpness and finish of detail may probably rank first amongst the granite towers of the West." The ch. (rest.) is Perp. throughout, and some of the bosses of the roofs contain exquisite bits of carving. Note that of the three rabbits with conjoined ears. The ch. was struck by lightning during divine service on the 21st of October, 1638. Great was the consternation, and with reason, for not only was the fabric shattered, but some of the congregation were killed and many more injured. A ball of fire was seen to pass through the ch. The first idea of the good folk of Widdecombe was that the Judgment Day was come. Afterwards they were rather inclined to ascribe the mischief to the devil. There are some quaint old almhouses by the ch., and in the valley some picturesque 17th century farmhouses.

Widdecombe is 4m. from Grimspound by road; 6½m. from Ashburton; 7¾m. each from Bovey Tracey and Moreton. It only possesses a little village inn.

Road Excursions.

XV. PLYMOUTH TO DARTMOUTH, BY THE COAST.

The chief district of Devonshire yet lacking the development of the railway system is that of the South Hams, which lies between the South Devon Railway and the sea, and extends from Plymouth to Dartmouth. Of this district Kingsbridge, itself 10m. from the railway at Kingsbridge Road, is the capital. The main road from Plymouth to Kingsbridge is traversed by coaches thrice a week; between Kingsbridge and Dartmouth there is daily coach communication. A steamer runs twice a week between Kingsbridge and Plymouth. Fares: (single) 2*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*; (return) 3*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and this route may be taken by those who wish to enjoy the coast views, and the richly lichened cliffs, and are not afraid of the sea. Good pedestrians, who are not good sailors, will better appreciate the coast walk from Plymouth to Dartmouth, in spite of its ups and downs. The distance is about 44m., and Salcombe lies conveniently midway. The better plan, however, is to be content with the humble accommodation afforded by the village inns and spend more time upon the walk. There is such accommodation at Newton Ferrers, on the Yealm; at Bantham, at the mouth

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of the Avon, is the *Sloop;* and there are little inns at Hope. Between Salcombe and Dartmouth there are good hotels at Torcross and Slapton.

The coast between Plymouth Sound and Dartmouth Harbour is divided, by the rugged promontorial district which stretches from Start Point to the Bolt Tail, into Bigbury and Start Bays. Prawle Point and the Bolt Head are the two most southerly points of Devon; and the finest headlands on the S. coast. Bolt Head is 430 feet high, but its bold and stern outline makes it appear much more. The rocks at Prawle are black and jagged; the sea full of low serrated reefs; and many a gallant ship has been lost among the breakers of this fatal shore.

The coast route is by Mount Batten over Staddon Heights to *Wembury*. The ch. is close to the sea, chiefly Perp., but with a N. aisle of ruder and more massive character and earlier date. Here the Danes were defeated in 851 by the men of Devon, and here was born Walter Britte, disciple of Wycliffe. The Yealm can be crossed at the coastguard station to *Newton Ferrers*, which stands on a little creek, with the village of *Noss* opposite. A charming ch. (St. Aubyn, architect), has been erected at Revelstoke by Mr. Baring, of Membland, with rich local marble ornamentation by Gullet, of Yealmpton; elaborate carving by Hems, of Exeter; and choice windows by Fouracre and Watson, of Stonehouse. It is quite a little gem in its way, and "local" in every detail. Over the hill above Noss is the direct road to the ruined ch. of *Revelstoke*, which lies under Stoke Point, close to the water's edge, at the W. end of Bigbury Bay. Thence follow on to *Mothecombe*, a hamlet at the mouth of the Erme. At the head of the Erme estuary, on *Oldaport* farm, are the remains of a quadrangular walled camp, 30 acres in area. The walls are 5 feet thick, and there are remains of two round towers.

Kingston, *Bigbury*, and *Ringmore* lie between the Erme and the Avon. The lanes in this part of Devon are very narrow, and the hills very steep. As a consequence the scenery is very changeful. Kingston ch. has a 13th century tower, while the body of the building is early Perp. Bigbury ch. (rest.) has a tower and spire, and retains some Dec. features. Note the 15th century brass to a lady of the Bigbury family. Ringmore ch. is chiefly Dec. Off the coast here is Burgh or *Borough Island*, which may be walked to at low tide; but at high water can only be

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reached by boat. Across the Avon is *Bantham*, and about a mile farther, only half a mile from the coast, Thurlestone. In this parish is a notable outlier of Trias, known as *Thurlestone Rock*, about 1½m. beyond the village. It is an arched rock of red conglomerate, on the beach, resting unconformably upon Devonian clay slates, and is one of the most singular features of the district. The arch is 20 feet by 10 feet.

Another mile reaches the commencement of the metamorphic rocks [See Introduction—Geology], which stretch from the Bolt Tail to the Start. From the Bolt Tail to the Bolt Head, and thence by the W. shore of the many-branched creek which runs up to Kingsbridge, in to the little town of Salcombe, is a tolerably stiff walk of 8 or 9 m.; but the coast is worth the effort. Close by the Bolt Tail is Ramilies Cove, where in 1760 the man-of-war 'Ramilies' was lost, and of 734 men all perished save 26. Hope Cove is directly N. Here one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada was driven on shore, but her crew escaped with life, to be made prisoners. At Galmpton, a village inland, a new Dec. ch. was built for South Huish parish in 1869. At Hope itself there are two small inns, which may be very welcome. *Polyomnatus Arion* is found in a small area near the Bolt Head, and there only; and in a "cave" near Salcombe there are luminous mosses. The so-called "cave" is in Splat Cove, part of an old mine. For several feet within the entrance "the walls are studded with patches of a most brilliant soft emerald green luminous moss, which almost rivals in splendour the gorgeously reflected tints of the humming-bird, or the elytra of some of the foreign beetles." (*Miss Fox, Kingsbridge Estuary.*)

A shorter and more easy road from Thurlestone to Salcombe is through South Huish and Malborough. The ch. of Malborough is Perp. with good rood screen. The tower is of earlier date.

SALCOMBE, 2½m. from Malborough, was formerly in that parish, but became ecclesiastically independent in 1864. The ch. was built in 1843. (Pop. 1658). Inns: *Victoria, King's Arms.* If Salcombe were better known and more readily accessible, it would have no lack of visitors. It is beautifully situated, close to the wildest coast scenery of Devon, and with the most delightful climate, where the orange and the citron, the myrtle and the aloe thrive and bloom without protection. Lord Kinsale has a seat here (Ringrone);

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and the "Moult" belongs to the Earl of Devon. The easiest way of reaching Salcombe is by steamer from Kingsbridge, about 5m.; by road it is 6m. [Sect. XVI.]. The scenery alternates between the pretty and the bold. On a rock in Salcombe Harbour are the ruins of Fort Charles, the last stronghold of Charles I. in Devon, stoutly defended to the end by Sir Edmond Fortescue of Fallapit, in the possession of whose descendants the massive key remains.

From Salcombe, to continue the coast route, take boat and cross to Portlemouth, which presents no features of interest now beyond the magnificent view from the churchyard, but centuries since gave name to the estuary. Thence make for *Prawle*, and so round to Start Point. Here, 100 feet above the water, is the famous *Start Lighthouse*, one of the chief points in the navigation of the channel. Between the Start and Torcross are the little fishing villages of Hallsands and Beesands. [For Torcross to Dartmouth see Sect. XVII.]

Road Excursions.

XVI. PLYMOUTH TO KINGSBRIDGE.

Distance from Plymouth.		Distance from Kingsbridge.	Distance. from Plymouth.		Distance from Kingsbridge.
5	Brixton	15	16	Aveton Gifford	4
6½	Yealmpton	13½	18	Churchstow	2
12	Modbury	8	20	Kingsbridge	

The coach takes about 3h., *fare*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, *a good and cheap drive.*

A mile from Plymouth is Laira Bridge [Sect. XI.], beyond which the road lies between huge limestone quarries, around Pomphlet. *Saltram* is on the left. 3½m. on right is the little village of *Elburton*.

5m. Brixton, a village of some pretensions, with several good houses. The ch. is Perp., and stands in need of the restorer. Hence to Yealmpton the road skirts the grounds of *Kitley*, which are very beautiful, but are not open to the public, except on Sunday afternoons.

6 m. Yealmpton. (Pop. 423.) Inn: *Yealmpton Inn.* This is a thriving village, consisting mainly of one long street, lying parallel to, but at a considerable height above, the river Yealm,

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which here runs by bold limestone cliffs down to the head of the estuary between *Kitley* (B. J. P. Bastard, Esq.), and *Puslinch* (Mrs. Duke Yonge). From Yealm Bridge downwards the valley of the Yealm is very beautiful. Yealmpton ch. was rebuilt (Butterfield, architect) at the cost of the late owner of Kitley, Mr. E. Bastard, who, however, became a Roman Catholic before the work was completed. Hence the intentions as to decoration were never fully carried out. Note the liberal and effective use made of polished Devon marbles; also the fine brass to Sir John Crocker of Lyneham, cupbearer to Edward IV. There is an old tradition that at Yealmpton was a palace of one of the Saxon kings, and an ancient inscribed stone in the churchyard, which reads TOREUS or GOREUS, has been supposed to have some connection with this. There are caverns in the limestone of Yealmpton, and some of these have proved notably ossiferous. The most important was one in a quarry at Yealm Bridge, evidently a hyæna den, which yielded remains of the rhinoceros, mammoth, and glutton, beside those of the hyæna and other animals. This cave was discovered in 1835.

The road on the right, near the head of the village, leads through the hamlet of Tor to Newton Ferrers and Revelstoke [Sect. XV.]. That on the left to Plympton [Sect. VI.]. At Yealm Bridge, a mile from the village, a road on right leads to *Holbeton*, which has no features of interest. Notice on right, 2½m. farther towards Modbury, the grounds of *Flete* (J. Mildmay, Esq.), once the seat of the Heles, and for a long period, until recently, of the Bulteels.

12m. MODBURY. (Pop. 1621.) Inn: *White Hart.* This is an old-fashioned market town situated chiefly in a bottom between two steep hills, up which the houses of the principal street straggle. Modbury Priory has disappeared, and of the stately house of the Champernownes, long lords of Modbury, there are only scant remains in Church Street. Hither, in December, 1642, Sir Edmund Fortescue summoned the *posse comitatus* of Devon, in aid of the king, and here the Royalists were attacked by the Roundheads of Plymouth, who, fetching a circuit, came upon them unawares. The house of the Champernownes was then garrisoned, but its defenders were compelled to surrender. The ch. is mainly Perp., with tower and spire tapering from the ground. Local rhyme gives a proud pre-eminence to the ch. peal:

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"Hark to Modbury bells,
How they do quiver;
Better than Ermington bells,
Down by the river."

There are in the ch. some interesting, but mutilated effigies. Note the quaint granite conduits in the main street.

Through Modbury is a convenient route for *Kingston*, *Bigbury*, and *Kingmore*, though the nearest road to the former is by the turning on the right, a mile before Modbury is reached. There is little to note *en route* between Modbury and *Aveton Gifford* (locally called Awton Gifford), where the upper tidal waters of the Avon are crossed by a long bridge. The ch., originally E. Eng., is a good building with a central tower. *Churchstow* is the next village. The ch. is chiefly Perp., with screen and old pulpit. At *Leigh* there is an interesting cell, which formerly belonged to the Buckfast Cistercians.

Road Excursions.

XVII. KINGSBRIDGE TO DARTMOUTH.

Kingsbridge has already been described [Sect. VI.]. It remains simply to note the attractions in its neighbourhood. Most of these are embraced within the coach routes which converge on the little town from Kingsbridge Road, Plymouth, and Dartmouth; and one of the pleasantest circular trips in Devon would be from Dartmouth to Kingsbridge, Kingsbridge to Kingsbridge Road, or *vice versâ*, especially if the tide will suit for the steamer trip on the Dart between Totnes and Dartmouth to be included. Allusion has already been made to the steamer trip from Kingsbridge to Salcombe [Sect. XV.]. At West Alvington, the first village on the road to Salcombe, 1m. from Kingsbridge, the ch., chiefly Perp., has an enriched Easter Sepulchre. Malborough ch., Perp., 4m., has a good rood screen. The road to Salcombe passes close by.

The *Start* and *Prawle Point* are worth the visit if the time can be spared; but the tourist needs to be told that the roads are some of the hilliest and roughest in Devon. Knowing this, he can take his measures accordingly.

Dartmouth is 15m. from Kingsbridge, and for about half the distance the road skirts the sea; indeed, for a couple of

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miles or so it lies along the beach. The first village reached is Charleton, 2m. The ch. retains the rood screen. Another village has the odd name of Frogmore. Stokenham, 5½m., has a fine ch. About half a mile beyond, at the commencement of Slapton Sands, is the village of Torcross, where there is a good hotel and several lodging houses. This is the most convenient point from which to pay a visit to the Start. Slapton Sands stretch away nearly 3m. to the northward, dividing the curious little lake of *Slapton Lea* from the open channel—fresh water lying on one side of the narrow bar of sand and shingle, and the "wild sea waves" breaking against it on the other. For the mere sport of fishing, that is of catching fish easily and in abundance, there is not such another place as the Lea in the West. It is long and narrow, over 2m. in length, and covering 207 acres. It swarms with roach, perch, and pike, and some of the latter attain an enormous size. It is also the haunt of great flocks of waterfowl. Between the Lea and the sea on the beach is the Slapton Sands Hotel, where arrangements have usually been made for the fishing. It is the property of Sir Lydston Newman, whose seat of Stockleigh is hard by. Slapton village is ¾m. inland. The ch. is Dec., but the chief antiquarian interest of the place is the tower of Poole Priory, last remnant of a collegiate chantry founded by Sir Guy de Brian, one of the first Knights of the Garter. Here for nearly twenty years lived the famous Sir Richard Hawkins. After traversing the Sands, the coach passes through the village of Street, by Blackpool, and so on through Stoke Fleming [Sect. VII.] to Dartmouth.

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INDEX.

Abbeys, &c., 7, 38, 61, 64, 81, 92, 96, 129
Agriculture, 18
Alvington, West, 128
Anchor Stone, 116
Anstey's Cove, 65
Archæology, 6
Architecture, 7
Ashburton, 82
Ashcombe, 49, 74
Ashe, 38
Ashton, 74
Aveton Gifford, 128
Axminster, 37
Axmouth, 39

Babbicombe, 65
Bantham, 123
Becky Fall, 75
Beechwood, 60
Beer, 41
—— Alston, 95
—— Ferrers, 95
Belliver Tor, 121
Berry Head, 69
—— Pomeroy Castle, 56
Bickleigh, 97
Bicton, 44, 47
Bigbury, 124
Bindon, 41
Biography, 5
Bishop's Court, 45
Bishopsteignton, 51
Blachford, 60
Bolt Head and Tail, 124, 125
Borough Island, 124
Boroughs, 5
Botany, 14
Bottor, 75
Bovey Heathfield, 75
—— Tracey, 74
Bow, 86
—— Creek, 116
Bowerman's Nose, 77
Bradford Pool, 81
Bradley, 52
Branscombe, 41
Breakwater, 108
Brent, 57
—— Tor, 91
Bridestowe, 89
Bridford, 74
Brixham, 68
Brixton, 126
Broadclyst, 35
Buckfastleigh, 81
—— Abbey, 81
Buckland, 83
—— Abbey, 96
—— Beacon, 83
—— Drives, 83
—— Monachorum, 96
Budeaux, St., 112
Budleigh Salterton, 47

Cadworthy Bridge, 97
Calstock, 94, 114
Camps, 8

Digitized by Google

Canontein, 74
Castles, 7, 22, 39, 48, 54, 56, 61, 66, 72, 79, 88, 90, 112
Caverns, 11, 66, 69, 73, 81, 84, 125, 127
Cawsand, 107
Chagford, 78
Charleton, 129
Christow, 74
Chudleigh, 73
—— Rock and Caverns, 73
Churchstow, 58, 128
Churston, 67
Clapper Bridges, 120
Clyst St. George, 46
Cockington, 66
Cocks Tor, 119
Coffinswell, 62
Cofton, 49
Colcombe Castle, 39
Colyford, 39
Colyton, 39
Compton Castle, 66
Copplestone Cross, 86
Cornwood, 59
Cosdon (or Cawsand) Beacon, 89
Cotehele House, 113
Cranmere Pool, 78, 89
Crediton, 85
Crockern Tor, 121
Cromlech, 80
Crosses, 6, 86

Daddy Hole, 65
Danes, 3
Dart, 115
Dartington Hall, 55
Dartmoor, 117
—— Tors, Height of, 118
Dartmouth, 70; Castle, 72
Dawlish, 49
Dean Prior, 57, 84
Delamore, 60
Dennabridge Pound, 121
Devil's Point, 103
Devon Consols Mines, 94
Devonport, 104
Devonport Dockyard, 105
Dewerstone, 97
Dittisham, 116
Dodbrooke, 58
Doddiscombleigh, 74
Dowlands, 41
Dowsland Barn, 96
Drewsteignton, 79
—— Cromlech, 80
Duncannon, 116
Dunchideock, 48

Eddystone Lighthouse, 108
Elburton, 126
Endsleigh, 94
Ermington, 59
Exeter, 20
—— Albert Museum, 33
—— Castle, 22
—— Cathedral, 23
—— Guildhall, 32
Exminster, 48
Exmouth, 46

Fardel House, 60
—— Stone, 60
Fauna, 13
Feniton, 35
Fingle Bridge, 79
Flete House, 127
Folk Lore, 8
Ford Abbey, 38
—— House, 52
Fowellscombe, 57
Frogmore, 128

Galmpton, 116
Geology, 8
Gidleigh Castle, 79
—— Park, 79
Greenway, 116
Grimspound, 77, 122

Haccombe, 52
Haldon House, 48
Hamildon, 122
Harberton, 55
Harford, 59

Digitized by Google

Hawkesdown Hill, 40
Hayes, 45
Heathfield Junction, 73
Heathfield, Bovey, 75
Hemerdon, 60
Hennock, 75
Heytor, 52, 75
Highweek, 52
History, 2
Holbeton, 127
Holne Chase, 83
Honiton, 36
—— Lace, 18, 36
Hope, 125
Horrabridge, 95

Ilsington, 83
Inceworth, 107
Inscribed stones, 6, 60, 76, 93, 127
Ivybridge, 59

John Cann's Rocks, 75

Kelly College, 93
Kelts, 2
Kenton, 49
Kent's Hole, 12, 66
Keyham Dockyard, 106
Kingsbridge, 58
—— Road, 57
Kingskerswell, 62
Kingsteignton, 53
Kingston, 124, 128
Kingswear, 70
Kitley, 126

Ladram Bay, 44
Landslip, 40
Littleham, 46
Little Hempston, 55
Longaford Tor, 121
Lupton, 68
Luscombe, 50
Lustleigh, 76
—— Cleave, 76
Lydford, 90
—— Bridge, 90
—— Castle, 90
—— Waterfall, 91
Lympstone, 46

Maker, 107
Malborough, 125
Mamhead, 49
Manaton, 75, 77
Manufactures, 18
Marsh Mills, 97
Mary Tavy, 91
Meavy, 95
Merrivale Bridge, 119
Mineralogy, 12
Mining, 15
Mis Tor, 119
Modbury, 127
Moretonhampstead, 77
Morwell Rocks, 114
Mothecombe, 124
Mount Batten, 109
—— Boone, 72
—— Edgcumbe, 106
—— Wise, 105
Mutley, 62

Newenham Abbey, 38
Newnham, 60
Newton Abbot, 51
—— Ferrers, 124
—— St. Cyres, 85
North Tawton, 87
Noss, 124
Nutwell Court, 46

Okehampton, 87
—— Castle, 88
Oldaport, 124
Oreston, 109
Otterton, 44
Ottery Road, 35
—— St. Mary, 41

Paignton, 67
Payhembury, 35

Digitized by Google

Pentillie Castle, 112
Peter Tavy, 91
Pewtor, 94, 119
Phœnicians, 2
Pinhoe, 35
Pixies, 8
Plymouth, 98
—— Breakwater, 108
—— Citadel, 102
—— Cottonian Collection, 103
—— Guildhall, 101
—— Museum, 103
Plympton, 60
—— Castle, 61
—— Priory, 61
Plymstock, 109
Poole Priory, 129
Portlemouth, 126
Post Bridge, 121
Powderham Castle, 48
Prawle Point, 124, 126, 128
Pridhamsleigh Cavern, 84
Princetown, 120
Puslinch, 127

Rame, 107
Revelstoke, 124
Ringmore, 124, 128
Ringrone, 125
Rivers, 1
Romans, 2
Royal Albert Bridge, 112

Salcombe, 125
—— Regis, 41
Saltash, 112
Saltram, 109
Sampford Courtenay, 87
—— Spiney, 94
Sandridge, 116
Saxons, 3
Seaton, 40
Sharpham, 55, 115
Shaugh Bridge, 97
Sheepstor, 95
Shillingford, 48
Shute, 37
Sidbury, 44
Sidmouth, 43
Slapton Lea, 129
Slapton Sands, 129
Sourton, 89
Sowton, 46
Staple Tors, 119
Starcross, 49
Start Point and lighthouse, 126, 128
Staverton, 81
Stoke Fleming, 72
Stoke-in-Teignhead, 51
Stokenham, 129
Stonehouse, 103
Sydenham, 94

Tamar, 11
Tamerton Foliot, 95
Tavistock, 91
—— Abbey, 92
Tavy Cleave, 89
Teigngrace, 73
Teignmouth, 50
Thurlestone, 125
—— Rock, 125
Tipton, 43
Topsham, 45
Tor Abbey, 64
Torcross, 126, 129
Torquay, 62
Totnes, 53
—— Castle, 54
Townstall, 71
Trematon, 111
Trusham, 74
Two Bridges, 120

Ugborough, 57
—— Beacon, 57
Ugbrook, 74
Upper Brixham, 69

Victualling Office, 103
Virtuous Lady Mine, 93, 95
Vitifer, 122
Vixen Tor, 119

Digitized by Google

WADDETON COURT, 116
Warleigh, 95, 112
Weir Head, 114
—— House, 45
Wembury, 124
Whimple, 35
Whitsand Bay, 107
Widdecombe-on-the-Moor, 122
Windmill Hill Cavern, 12, 69
Wistman's Wood, 121
Withycombe Raleigh, 47
Wolborough, 52
Woodbury, 46
—— lace, 46

YEALMPTON, 126
—— caverns, 127
Yelverton, 96
Yeoford, 86
Yes Tor, 88

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G. FINDLAY, General Manager.

LONDON, EUSTON STATION, *May*, 1884.

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WILLIAM BIRT, *General Manager.*

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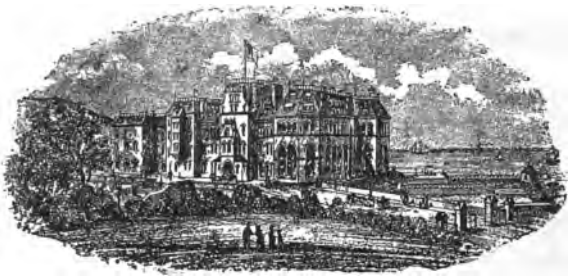

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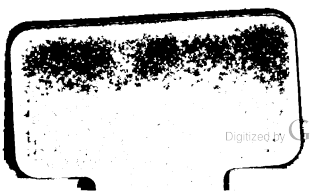
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